



# SATURDAY NIGHT.

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## Things in General

It was the interference of a Papal Delegate with the affairs of England that led to a revolution in England, by which James II. lost his crown and William III. came to the throne. It was the attempted creation of new slave states in the United States that precipitated the great civil war. A combination of the interference of a Papal Delegate with the affairs of Canada and the attempted creation of new Roman provinces in the Canadian North-West will lead to what? At present no one can predict—but the worst possible result is discreetly unmentioned. Mgr. Sbarretti, the Papal Delegate to Canada, is clearly convicted of interfering with affairs of State in this country, to which he is a foreigner. He attempted to blackmail the Province of Manitoba into re-establishing Separate schools, under the threat that, if such schools be not re-established, the present narrow boundaries of that province would mark the limits of its territory forever, whereas, if the Manitoba Government should consent to a re-establishment of such schools, it would "facilitate" matters so far as the extension of Manitoba's boundaries are concerned. Sir Wilfrid Laurier has denied in the House of Commons that Mgr. Sbarretti had any authority from him to make promises or threats to Manitoba in his name or in the name of the Dominion Government. It was quite unnecessary for Sir Wilfrid Laurier to make any such denial. He was expected to say exactly what he did say—his statement might have been taken as read. No one would be so foolish as to suppose the Prime Minister would be so indiscreet as to "authorize" the Papal Delegate to speak in his name. These things are not done in that way. It would be clumsy, impolitic and indiscreet. But, denial or no denial, the people of this country know that Sir Wilfrid Laurier has shaped his policy in regard to the Autonomy legislation in such a way as to secure the approval of the Papal Delegate. It is possible that the Prime Minister and the representative of the Pope are so sympathetically constituted that each knows the other's mind without the aid of verbal or written communication, but the Canadian people are not likely to resort to psychical phenomena to obtain an explanation of the mutual understanding and harmony that exists between their Premier and the Pope's attorney at Ottawa. In the Autonomy Bill can be found all the evidence that anyone can reasonably ask to prove that Mgr. Sbarretti has interfered with Canadian affairs and converted the Government into a tool to serve the ends of his church. The disclosures made by Hon. Mr. Rogers, a member of the Manitoba Government, reveal nothing more than has been known since the day the notorious Autonomy Bill was introduced to the House. It is the directness of Mr. Rogers' charge that has produced the outbreak of indignation throughout Canada. Circumstantial evidence, convincing as that on which thousands of men have been hanged, was regarded by many of the people—hardened partisans—as merely circumstantial, strong enough to hang a man, but unconvincing when employed to convict a political friend. It was the direct evidence of Mr. Rogers that proved the final touch.

Sbarretti is convicted. In the light of circumstances, his attempted explanation, that his conversation with the Manitoba Ministers was purely private—that he merely spoke in a friendly way on his own behalf alone, is simply silly. Now let him be summarily ejected—and let the man who attempts to fill his place be kicked out before he can have time to convert an honest Government into a set of traitors to the interests of their country. The office of Papal Delegate is an insult to Canada that should not be endured for another day. This representative of the Pope is the only ambassador that "honors" Canada with his presence—and he is accredited to the lobbies of the House of Commons, not to the Viceroyal Court at Rideau Hall. The recall or dismissal of Sbarretti need cause the Hierarchy of the Roman Church no annoyance. He has done his work. True he did not succeed in blackmailing Manitoba—but Manitoba is a very small province, and the church can well afford to fail in its efforts to obtain its schools there, when the enormous areas of the Territories are to be bound and branded forever. Mgr. Sbarretti may be expected to leave Canada with a broad smile expanding his features. He can review his career in this country and chuckle with satisfaction at the success that has been achieved by one strange Italian in a strange land. He has come among foreign heretics, and by the employment of simple methods—threats of the Pope's displeasure and possibly more serious pains—persuaded the occupant of the chief office in the gift of those heretics to betray his trust and to hand Canada over to the tender mercies of the Vatican. Probably it was the ease with which he bent the Premier of Canada to his will that gave him a false impression of other Canadian statesmen, and that led him to indulge in the crude indiscretions made public in the statement of Mr. Rogers. The Papal Delegate's finer feelings will not be disturbed by his summary ejection from the Dominion, nor will his satisfaction over the triumph he has achieved be lessened. Mgr. Sbarretti is quite accustomed to being kicked out of foreign countries for making himself intolerable by his conspiracies and allied offences. He was ejected from Cuba; he was informed that his presence was not desired in the Philippines—and now Canada, a country that puts up with almost any sort of foreign importation, will proclaim its unwillingness to digest this unpalatable offence. But it must not be forgotten that he has succeeded, nor must it be thought that his removal removes the effects of his treasonous work. It is only a minor detail of his plan that has missed fire. The whole plan was to establish and re-establish Roman Catholic State schools in the new provinces and in Manitoba. In the Manitoba deal he bungled and failed; in the North-West Territories scheme he has almost succeeded—with a pirate Government at Ottawa, success seems assured. The new provinces are to be branded forever—and when the right kind of tool comes into power as Premier of Manitoba that province also will be delivered over to the Hierarchy.

The indignation of the people of Canada should not be directed to Sbarretti. He is but an Italian priest imported by the men in power at Ottawa and exported by the politicians of the Vatican to perform a piece of dirty work. It is the Dominion Government that is responsible for his presence; it is the Dominion Government that is responsible for his offences against this commonwealth; it is the Dominion Government that has betrayed Canada by striking a treasonous bargain with this ecclesiastical broker from Rome; it is the Dominion Government that must be held responsible for every act of aggression in which it indulges as a result of its deal with Sbarretti—and if the people of Canada ever forgive that Government or its supporters with whose aid the aggressions are committed, they will forgive their hereditary King whom they had placed on the throne from which he was driven by an outraged and indignant people—and Canadians will no longer be worthy of the name of free men.

Now is the time for the Manitoba Government to smash the Laurier-Greenway agreement in regard to Separate schools and to re-establish one system of primary education. As the Winnipeg Tribune says, "Why should Manitoba retain on her statute books the Act embodying the Laurier-Greenway settlement?" The compromise was agreed to by Laurier, the Papal Delegate and ex-Premier Greenway, and all parties to the agreement accepted it as final. Now that Sir Wilfrid Laurier and the Papal Delegate have been detected in a conspiracy to break the agreement and to force Manitoba to re-establish Separate schools—under threat of confining Manitoba to her present narrow boundaries, in case she declines to accede to their demands—the Government of Manitoba is no longer under any moral obligation to continue her part of the agreement. The original Act of the Manitoba

Legislature abolishing Separate schools in that province should be at once enforced. All legislation granting special privileges to the Roman Catholics should be repealed. Then let the Hierarchy apply for remedial legislation—and we shall have 1896 repeated. Any hesitating or weak measures employed in fighting the Laurier Government on its infamous policy of handing Canada over to the rule of the Vatican will be worse than useless. What Canada wants to-day is a public man, in power, who will strike back at the pirate Government and land his blow in the most vital spot. That spot is the Hierarchy—the irresponsible ally of the "popular" Government at Ottawa. Premier Roblin of Manitoba and Premier Haultain of the North-West Territories are the men who now have it in their power to chop the tentacles from the Roman octopus. If Manitoba banishes the Roman Catholic schools which she now permits to flourish, and if the North-West Territories refuse to accept autonomy of the Sbarretti-Laurier variety, I am unable to see what means the Dominion Government will find to enable it to enforce its intolerable aggression. Ontario and the other provinces—with the exception of Quebec—which have had experience with Rome and Rome's methods, will never permit the Territories to be coerced, once they have declared against it with the voice of their Legislature.

The Roman Catholic Church has gradually lost all the special privileges it enjoyed for centuries in Europe—and it has lost them because of the ever unsatisfied greed of the Church's Hierarchy, which always demands more, more, more. Because of the intolerable tyranny of the rulers of the church, Rome is no longer Italy; and because of the insatiable greed of the Hierarchy, Papal authority has been overthrown in France. In the United States the Roman Church has no rights that are not enjoyed by all other churches, and Roman Catholic citizens are not regarded as a favored class. To

before. He refrained, however, from dealing with the North-West Autonomy Bill, though it was the expectation that he might have something to say concerning it which drew the large crowd to hear him. The Canadian Club of Toronto was not particularly happy in its choice of a guest at this critical moment in the history of the country the name of which the club bears. Mr. Sifton is the one man on the Government side of the Dominion House who had it in his power to prevent the enactment of the offensive Separate school clauses of the Bill—yet he is also the man who sold any principles he might possess to buy the continued favor of his friends. He betrayed his trust and his country, repudiated his past, and cynically admitted that he would vote for something to which his conscience was opposed—yet the Canadian Club invites him "honors" it with his presence at luncheon. If the Canadian Club of Toronto thinks the infliction of Separate schools on the new provinces forever is merely an academic question, it has never made a greater mistake in its history. The people of this country are in a state of emotional, if not active, rebellion against the treachery of the Dominion Government—and they must have a mighty poor opinion of a club that poses as "Canadian" while it entertains a man who is playing the part of Canada's worst enemy from motives of personal expediency. Clubs must be judged by their guests, as men of the street are judged by their companions. If Mr. Sifton is the stamp of man with which the Canadian Club of Toronto desires to hob-nob, then the club has no right to its name. It has usurped a title that in no way indicates its character.

THERE is a rumor in Ottawa that Hon. Charles Fitzpatrick, Minister of Justice, will soon leave the Cabinet and accept an appointment to the Superior Court at the Capital. It is a great plan that is being followed by the Dominion Government—that of shoving unpopular and discred-



THE IRRESISTIBLE JAPANESE ARTILLERY.

The Russian catastrophe at Mukden was caused largely by the merciless hammering of the Japanese siege guns brought from Port Arthur. This remarkable photograph, taken just before the fall of that fortress, shows how these guns were worked from pits, protected by sand-bags and the hills, furrowed for the advancing parallels of the besieging army, exhibit better than any description the labor of war and its effect on the face of a landscape. The slopes are galleries that do not show on the surface. The amount of work devoted to altering the nature of the purpose of war would build an irrigation system that would make a vast great commercial harbor. These guns were mounted, and the consistency of rock. The region has the appearance of a search for gold is the only thing that compares with war. Nogi's forces had made themselves masters of Port Arthur, and there the operations were repeated. (From stereograph, copyright, 1905, by Underwood & Underwood, New York.)

make up for the loss the church has sustained in Europe, and to counteract the influence of a great Protestant republic to the south of us, the Hierarchy is determined to establish in Canada a Roman Catholic nation that may some day dominate this hemisphere. The Church of Rome is the same yesterday, to-day and forever. Its policy is unchanging and unchangeable. The rulers of that church never build for the present. It is ever to the future that they look. It is essential to the life of the church that it gain in America what it has lost through its own greed in Europe—and Canada is the most promising point of attack. With a Roman Catholic State school in Canada, everything favorable to the church is possible so far as Canada is concerned. With, at some future day, a Roman Catholic Canada, almost everything is possible in the United States. The southern part of this continent is Roman Catholic now. South America is Roman Catholic now. With Canada Roman Catholic—Canada, with a population of fifty or even a hundred millions—the United States would be attacked by the church on both sides and from within—and who can doubt that the result would ultimately be a Roman Catholic western hemisphere and a re-enactment of the European spectacle of the last few hundred years? The surest way to defeat this purpose of the rulers of the Roman Church—and seemingly the only way—is to put a stop to priestly aggression in this country now and forever by refusing to endorse or tolerate the infamous bargain struck at Ottawa and now in a fair way of being carried out. It is every man's duty—whether he be Protestant or Catholic—to fight this Autonomy Bill to a finish, and if he cannot prevent its enactment, at least prevent its being put into effect. I say it is the duty of Catholic as well as Protestant to fight the Bill, because the enactment of that Bill is a long step for Roman Catholics and Protestants back into the bondage from which they have been delivered by their forefathers—the bondage inevitably resulting from clerical control of the affairs of State.

THE CANADIAN CLUB entertained Hon. Clifford Sifton, ex-Minister of the Interior, at luncheon on Monday, at which he told them what a great country this is, and a lot of other things that his audience must have suspected

vate affairs of the editor of this paper. The editor of SATURDAY NIGHT has always supported Public schools and has sent his children to them. True, some members of his family have attended French convent, for the purpose of acquiring the French language, but as this is purely a private matter, of no public interest whatever, and having no bearing on the Dominion Government's attempt to establish a State school of Roman Catholic complexion in the North-West, one must refrain from parading it before the public. For further particulars concerning the private affairs of the editor of SATURDAY NIGHT, persons possessing curiosity in an abnormal degree need only apply in the ordinary form to the editor of the Star, and there is every reason to believe that quite as accurate information as that contained in the above quoted paragraph will gladly be supplied.

IN February, the North-West Review, the organ of the Roman-Catholic Hierarchy, revealed its knowledge of the infamous proposal made by Mgr. Sbarretti, when it published the following statement:

The only obstacle to the territorial expansion of our Province of Manitoba is its iniquitous and cruel school system. Not even the wildest corner of any unorganized territory will consent to saddle itself with such a tyranny. Manitoba must be content to remain small and mean so long as it maintains its small and mean school politics.

Then Le Soleil, the self-confessed organ of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, came out with an editorial in which it was said that Manitoba would necessarily be punished for having abolished Separate schools. Other organs of the Hierarchy have since said the same thing. The punishment is now being carried out. Manitoba will never get control of another square yard of territory, so long as the pirate Government continues in power—unless the people of Manitoba are prepared to fight for it. No chance is to be given the new provinces of the North-West to follow Manitoba's example and stray from the control of the Roman Church. These new provinces are to be fettered forever—so that future punishment for breaking loose and conducting themselves as if they were free will be avoided.

THE Czar business at the present time must be terribly trying on the nerves. There are no authorized publications available that give even an approximate idea as to how it feels to be Czar in this democratic age. We have merely to guess at the state of a man's feelings whose armies are being driven pell-mell from a country by hitherto despised barbarians when the principal cities of the empire he is supposed to govern absolutely, are honeycombed with sedition. It cannot be altogether pleasant to be a Czar when there is a considerable probability that should you are careful you may stub your toe against a bomb-shell as you crawl out of the royal couch any old morning in time for breakfast. The interest you might have in the question as to whether the coffee is poisoned or the rolls loaded or whether the footman who obsequiously hands you one or the other has a dagger in his boot-leg, cannot be sustained with any degree of prolonged pleasure. It becomes painfully monotonous. The man who places his head through a screen to be base-balled at five cents for three throws by the pleasure-seekers of a popular summer resort may possibly have a clearer idea of what it feels like to be a Czar than any of us. The pay may be good, but the business has its disadvantages. It is a hard thing for the head of the old order when in the march of progress there comes the parting of the ways. In England the parting was not at right angles, as the nihilism of Russia proposes, but even in sober Saxon England one King lost his head and another his throne. Intelligent revolutionists, men academical in their trend of thought and humanitarian in their teachings, tell us that sweeping political changes can not be accomplished without the sacrifice of human blood. The ideas of caste or class, absorbed by the prejudices and sentiments of centuries, can not be overcome except by means that shock the ordinary conceptions of abstract justice. They tell us that the pathetic picture of the Czarina bidding the infant heir of all the Russias an anxious farewell for a few hours, her mother-heart torn with fearful dread, is a mere detail in the million innumerable wrongs that the rule of the Romanoffs causes in the homes of widespread Russia. Every sign in the political horizon points to the arrival of Russia at the parting of the ways in the government of the empire. That the taking of the new way, the way of all other modern nations, will be made without a great struggle within the diverse host that makes up the Russian people, with the remembered wrongs of centuries burning in the hearts of the great mass, and the contempt and inherited prejudices clinging to the privileged few, history tells us is not to be expected. In the meantime, the war is to be continued with renewed energy and the civilized world stands aside and watches going on in the present the solution of the conflict as old as Christendom which the people of England partly solved in a manner characteristically English with the Ironsides of Cromwell, and France, in a characteristically French a manner, partly solved in the great Revolution. The whole question will never be solved until the millennium.

A LETTER signed "Inspector," which appears on another page of this issue, will give some idea of the sort of education that is acquired in the Separate schools of Ontario—Roman Catholic schools that are conducted under the control of the Provincial Government, and subject to Government inspection. It is claimed that the Separate schools of the new provinces will be all that could be desired, because they are to be subject to Government inspection. After reading the letter from "Inspector"—a gentleman with seven years' experience in educational affairs, gained in the Eastern Townships—one's opinion of the efficacy of Government inspection is not likely to be exalted. It is schools similar to those which "Inspector" describes that are responsible for three-fourths of the population of Quebec being illiterate.

THE "Spanish Prisoner" swindle is still being worked with the same vigor that has assured its success for a great many years. Within the last two weeks two letters have appeared in the daily press from persons whom the "Spanish Prisoner" attempted to bunco—and only the other day I was talking with a gentleman—an experienced man of the world—who told me in the strictest confidence that he was on the point of raking in something more than a hundred thousand dollars as the result of an investment of two or three hundred. I suggested that he pinch himself, but he assured me he was quite awake and meant every word he said. And then he drew a letter from his pocket and handed it to me to read. At various times I had seen several dozen copies of the same letter. It was the old "Spanish Prisoner" scheme once more. The "prisoner" was just about dying and his beautiful daughter was soon to be left an orphan, cast upon a friendless, cruel world. The gentleman who received the letter was requested to forward to one of the prison officials sufficient money to redeem part of the traveling equipment from the Spanish authorities—and his reward would be found in the form of valuable securities hidden in a secret compartment of a trunk or valise. The story, in a variety of forms, is a good deal older than the present generation, and I had thought that everyone must be familiar with it—yet here was a man, a lawyer, and a bright one at that, who was on the point of becoming a victim when he chanced to take me into his confidence. For the benefit of other credulous gentlemen who are likely to be led astray by the thought of a beautiful maiden in distress—and the possibility of picking up a hundred thousand dollars—I wish to assure my readers that the lady in question must be—if still alive—at least a grandmother. Her charms can not be sufficient to seduce even a youth of sixty—the most susceptible age that any man can



attain. As for the money—it simply doesn't exist, and never did exist.

THE advocates of public ownership have won a signal victory in Chicago by the election as Mayor of Judge Edward F. Dunne, a Democrat pledged to the policy of the quickest possible cessation of private franchises of public utilities. This will especially threaten the street car lines, valued high up in the millions. The growth of the movement in favor of public or municipal ownership of public utilities is one of the most striking signs of modern politics. The movement in favor of municipal reform and the banishment of graft from municipal government in some of the principal United States cities has for the last two or three years been most pronounced. Considerable of the current literature of the neighboring republic has been devoted to this subject. In Chicago the efforts of reformers have been along organized lines, and have been directed more against the personalities of candidates and particular transactions, or at most against particular phases of civic government. In the municipal contest just concluded in Chicago, the reformers have directed their energies against the existing system itself, whereby individuals and corporations control franchises upon which the comfort and well-being of the citizens of a municipality largely depend. Chicago has always been regarded as the chosen home of graft, a city manipulated as no other in the world, to selfish advantage by unprincipled capitalists and venal legislators. Endless trouble has been caused the Chicago public by the difficulties met with in the relations between the great traction companies and the city. By a pronounced majority the people endorse the taking over and control by the city of the traction companies' lines. The example of Glasgow has been successfully followed in some of the smaller cities of the English-speaking world. Municipal ownership in the Scottish city has, with few and insignificant denials, been found to be a success. The result in Chicago will be watched with intense interest, and probably nowhere more than in Toronto, where the question of local transportation is not only of importance, but one of ever-present friction. Toronto will have opportunities of judging what is the best thing to do on the expiry of the present franchise of the Toronto Railway Company, be able to make provisions for the taking over of the street railway at that time, or in default of the proper carrying out of the terms of the present contract, know what position the city would be placed in if the contract was voided and the city took charge of the transit problem.

THE official returns of the returning officer for East Peterborough furnish one interesting explanation for the defeat of the Conservative candidate in that constituency. The expenses of this candidate were \$26.45, of which only \$2.80 went for printing of campaign literature. How any candidate could hope to win any election with such an expenditure, it is difficult to understand. Perhaps he didn't have any hope of winning the election; perhaps he thought himself personally or politically irresistible; but, in any case, if he was not willing to make some sort of fight for victory, he could scarcely expect the people to make it for him. The expense account is chiefly interesting as furnishing a somewhat startling contrast to the enormous expenses which have been incurred by successful and unsuccessful candidates in recent elections. Compared with Hale's or Dunlop's illegal expenditures in their efforts to win North Renfrew, the twenty-six dollar account of the Conservative candidate in East Peterborough looks like a "make-believe" campaign fund. Evidently the day when the office sought the man, not the man the office, is past and gone forever. A three-dollar printing bill for campaign literature must be regarded as an indication of an interesting period in history, not as an indication of contemporary electoral purity, or as at all related to contemporary political success. Year by year election methods in this country are becoming more and more like the elections of the United States. With every alleged general registration of public opinion the truth of Mr. Tarte's cynical remark becomes more and more obvious: "Elections are not won with prayer."

SEVERAL so-called religious seers predicted the end of the world as being near, and some of the Staffordshire peasantry in England were variously moved this week by the prediction. One young man was so convinced that there would be no to-morrow's reckoning that he obtained unlimited supplies of food and drink on credit—a curious mixing of religious faith and worldliness not far removed, however from the idea not infrequently preached from some pulpits that religion is a good thing for this world, outside entirely of the problem of the life hereafter. The idea that religion is

good business is not limited to few. Our appreciation of property is a deep one. The fact that the idea is entirely at variance with Christian ideals does not affect the very practical conception of some people, one of whom the other day concluded an eulogy of a prominent fellow citizen by saying, "He is a good Christian man. He owns four houses on Blank street and three on Dash avenue."

IT will be well for persons unfamiliar with the law to learn the fate of a young man who was sent to prison for one year on conviction of sending filthy and abusive letters through the mails. There seem to be a great many persons in this country who imagine they can send to another any sort of indecent communication, so long as they send it in a sealed envelope. On some rare occasions—shortly after an article exposing some sham may have appeared on this page—letters which would readily send their writers to jail are received at this office. No attention is paid to them, but perhaps it is a kindness to those given to this style of writing to advise them to exercise care as to whom they direct their virile and original compositions.

THE Conservative candidate was defeated in an election held this week in the hitherto Tory stronghold of Brighton, England, by a majority of over eight hundred. If by-elections are an indication, and they have hitherto been an almost assured forerunner of the result of a general election in the United Kingdom, the Balfour Government is riding laboriously for a fall. It is difficult for a Canadian to follow the ramifications of British partizan politics. The alliance of Mr. Balfour and Mr. Chamberlain, with their apparently discordant views on the question of Imperial trade, the parties within parties, the quasi-independent stand of many professed adherents of the Administration, the lonely furrow attitude of such a figure as Lord Rosebery, the negative stand of the Duke of Devonshire, the now historic leader of the Liberal-Unionists, the aggressive independence of such a personality as Winston Churchill, with an apparent standing in the House of Commons that is hard to comprehend in one whose chief attributes seem bounce and smartness, bewilder the Canadian reader of mere cable reports, and occasional articles in the English reviews. In the apparent confusion of views held by the leaders of the dominant party in Great Britain, it is difficult for a Canadian to understand the degree of weight the questions of Imperial trade and preference and Imperial questions generally, in which we are directly and particularly interested, have in the hotch-pot of British politics at the present time. Visitors to our shores like Colonel Howard Vincent and Hon. Thomas Brassey, both active and apparently well-informed members of the British House of Commons, informed us that the present Government would go down to defeat at the next election, that the political air would be cleared, and that then Mr. Chamberlain would bring forward a clear-cut, well-defined policy which in Opposition the present dominant party will educate the people up to. The first part of the prognostication, from present indications of the condition of the Balfour Government, seems to be about to be fulfilled, and Canadians are prepared to listen to a better understanding of what Mr. Chamberlain intends to educate the people of Great Britain and Ireland into. At present the ideas of the average Canadian as to where this country comes into his schemes regarding Imperial and domestic trade are, to say the least, of it, vague and uncertain. Some people assure us that they understand it fully and that it is grand, glorious and Imperial, with a decided accentuation on Imperial, but they seldom get down to concrete facts so that people of ordinary capacity can grasp them. They get jumbled up with references to an Imperial Zollverein, Imperial federation, and the old flag. The Canadian, with shares in a woollen mill, with grain and cattle to sell, wants to arrange about those matters before he spends the evening talking about indefinite Zollvereins. There is one phrase the Canadian does understand in the multitudes of shibboleth regarding British preference and Imperial trade, and that is *quid pro quo*.

TORONTO, one of the cities of a continent where women are supposed to be free from gratuitous insults, has been conspicuous for the manner in which women are enabled to come and go at almost any reasonable hour about the streets without the risk of insult or molestation. That fact has added much to the attractiveness of Toronto as a city of homes, and been of inestimable advantage to the thousands of young girls and women who have sought employment in Toronto, and whose opportunities of taking necessary exercise in the open air are limited, and who sometimes would be embarrassed by the necessity of procuring male escort. Occasional complaints are heard about rudeness to unprotected women on side streets, but they are only occasional, and organized street-corner rowdism is usually kept pretty well checked. The police have been efficient in this direction, and Police Magistrate Denison is a terror to the hoodlums and the insulters of women. This immunity from insult in the past has to some extent emboldened many with the idea that the city is entirely free from this obnoxious species of "backguardism." Complaints have been comparatively frequent of late as to hoodlums, or whatever this form of cowardly brutality may be called, in the west end of the city. We are apt to forget that Toronto is becoming a large city and in becoming so is attracting some, at least, of the scum of the Old World, among whom respect for women is an unknown quality.

A GREAT number of correspondents of SATURDAY NIGHT have requested to be informed as to whether the course of lectures—"The Bible in the Light of Modern Knowledge," by Rev. J. T. Sunderland—which recently appeared in these pages, would eventually be published in book-form. It was inability to answer this question satisfactorily that has prevented the earlier appearance of this reply. At last, however, I am authorized to say that Rev. Mr. Sunderland has come to a decision, which is that he will at once start to make arrangements that will, he hopes, result in the publication of the lectures in book-form some autumn. Anyone wishing further information on this subject can obtain it by corresponding with Mr. Sunderland at his residence address, 650 Ontario street, Toronto.

#### The Tolerance of the Minority.

TO the Editor of SATURDAY NIGHT: I read the condemnation of the Separate school clauses of the Autonomy Bill that appears in the columns of SATURDAY NIGHT, one would almost be led to believe that there is only one side to this question. Unfortunately, there is another side, and one of which the people of Ontario, except those immediately in contact with it, are almost, if not entirely, ignorant. This side is the treatment accorded the minority, often Catholic, by the FRENCH-CANADIAN element when they hold the stronger hand.

To read Laurier's statements regarding the results of clerically controlled education, and his insinuations regarding our godless Public schools, one would be led to believe that Separate clerical schools were producing the ideal Canadian, if he did not know that in large districts where these schools are supposed to be doing their magnificent work in the method *Par excellence*, to find a fairly well educated French-Canadian is almost as rare as to find in Public school districts a Briton who cannot write his own name; if he did not know that in Eastern Ontario French-Canadians who can read and write English are about as rare as English-speaking people who can do neither; if he did not know, what any banker in the district can tell you, that very few of the French-Canadian population of Eastern Ontario can even sign their own names; if he did not know that teachers are to-day supposed to be teaching English in these schools in Ontario who cannot understand or answer the simplest question in English conversation. That these conditions exist in the Ottawa Valley, any intelligent observer can satisfy himself.

A little history of the establishment of one Separate school and its subsequent work may enlighten some of your readers. A little town in the Ottawa Valley had, some fifteen years ago, a Public school which all denominations attended. The French, rapidly increasing in numbers, became the majority in numbers, but remained very poor in assessment, so that the expense of education bore heavily on the British section. About this time a rabid French-Canadian priest of the narrowest class was placed in charge of the parish. He determined that the school must be separated from the goats, and began his crusade. He was opposed by the French, who foresaw a big increase of taxation, and who had no complaints against the Public school. He was opposed most bitterly by the Irish Catholics, who were perfectly satisfied. The English were

well pleased with the move, for it meant lower rates, less crowding, and, not least, a riddance of the French element.

As usual, the priest triumphed. A Separate school was established. Several of the Irish held out. The priest forbade their attendance at the Public schools. He forced a practical boycott, and at last one by one they were compelled to yield, but to this day many would send their children to the Public school and pay the extra rates if they dared. But as one expressed it to me, "I might as well close my store to-morrow." The priest tried to carry the separation into social life, but in this he failed utterly, as the family and social relations of the Irish were almost entirely with the British element, and they would not mix with the French, and do not to this day to any great extent, while the relations between the English-speaking Catholics and Protestants is everything that could be desired.

The school established became a French school, presided over by Sisters, one of whom was English-speaking. All were without professional training and practically no English was taught except in the senior third and fourth classes, except in the English form. As but very few of the French pupils, particularly the boys, ever reach these forms, the result is that about the only English learned is what is picked up on the streets. The poverty of the people resulted in terrible over-crowding, sometimes over one hundred in a room, and the results were only what were to be expected. For many years not a single French pupil succeeded in passing the Entrance examination to the High school. This was attributed to the unfairness of the examiners, although fair results were sometimes obtained with the Irish pupils when not hopelessly handicapped by incompetent teachers.

Some years ago, a High school principal, now departed, who will always be remembered for his zeal for education, endeavored to aid in awakening the whole question of French education in the district. He wished to get French pupils into the High schools, make qualified teachers of them, and through them vivify the whole system. Favorable to his plan was the fact that a very earnest and well-educated Sister was in charge of the English department. His staff was employed in coaching teacher and pupils, and the first French pupils passed into the High school with very creditable standings.

During the passing years a very good High school had been built up in the town. The Irish Catholics attended and never, in ten years, that I know of, was there even the hint of any religious difference. The most cordial feelings were always in evidence.

But conditions were changing. The French had gradually become immensely in the majority in town and county councils. A continuation class was established in the Separate school. The town council was worked and a petition sent to the Government to remove the High school. It failed. Then the county council was worked. Every means that could be thought of was taken to get control of the High school property for the Separate schools. The persistent efforts seemed likely to win, and in order, if possible, to quiet the opposition the trustees of the High school, contrary to law, have not collected taxes for the High school from the French ratepayers for some years. They have been compelled to resort to various schemes to prevent the High school being swamped, and these things were done with the knowledge of the Education Department. The effort to crush the High school has not yet been successful. What the future holds 'tis hard to guess. There is no section more in need of a High school, because teachers for the bilingual schools who could qualify for an old third-class certificate are rare. Most of them have a most imperfect knowledge of English, in fact cannot write an examination paper in arithmetic in the language, and are permitted to teach because better bilingual teachers are not to be obtained. In fact, I know of a number of bilingual teachers who were writing on the Public School Leaving examination a few years ago to qualify as teachers, who were unable to write their papers in English and whose papers had to be accepted in French, and these parties, with irregular Public School Leaving certificates, were accepted as qualified teachers at a time when the lowest qualifications acknowledged by the Department in Public schools was the Junior Leaving (second class) certificate.

Education among the French is in a most deplorable condition. No attempt is being made to enforce attendance. As soon as many of the boys are able to climb upon a cart they are sent to the mills. They work over eleven hours a day, often at work far beyond what they should do. Their development is stunted. They grow up to be what you find the great majority of them in this region—laborers who have not enough ahead to pay for to-morrow's bread, over-worked, under-fed, under-clothed, and ignorant of everything except "Laurier."

These are results of a Separate school system in Ontario, schools supposed to be under supervision of inspectors, appointed directly by the Provincial Education Department.

The Irish Catholics in these French sections are forced to attend schools in which practically no English is taught, and receive here the magnanimous treatment everywhere given by the French-Canadian element to minorities, viz., "Shut up or get out," and it is generally the latter. It is always with them, "Our race, our religion, our language."

#### At the Theaters Next Week.

Mr. Henry W. Savage will offer at the Princess Theater as the attraction the latter half of next week, the first joint work of George Ade and Gustave Luders, the Korean comic opera, *The Sho Gun*, which has recently closed an engagement of six months at Wallack's Theater, New York city, and the production as seen here will be as complete and elaborate as it was during its long metropolitan run, and the company will be as capable and as brilliant. In *The Sho Gun*, Mr. Ade gives of his best. The wit is more pronounced than ever and every line is r-dolent of "Adeisms." Mr. Luders has given in his score the most pretentious music he has yet written, but he has been careful to preserve the popular vein. The locale of the opera is in the imaginary island of Ka-Choo in the Sea of Japan, and this admits of some very artistic effects being obtained both in the matter of scenic investiture and costuming.

W. H. Murphy and Banche Nichols & Co., who head the bill at Shea's next week, have an act that should make everyone in the theater laugh from start to finish. The sketch is called *From Zaza to Uncle Tom*, and if they have overlooked a laugh in making up this act it is a grave mistake. *Ohana San*, a new Japanese skit, will be another feature of the bill. The Italian Trio are sure to please the artistic and musically inclined theater-goers of this city. This is not an ordinary act, as the voices are equal to the work required in grand opera, and the selections correspond. Paul Barnes, with a new monologue that is quite up-to-date, will add to the comedy of the programme. The Duffin Redcap troupe of acrobats is one of the best now before the public. Marcus and Gartelle mingle comedy, music and song, and inject some roller skating that brings down the house. There will be one or two other big acts and some new pictures competing a most excellent bill.

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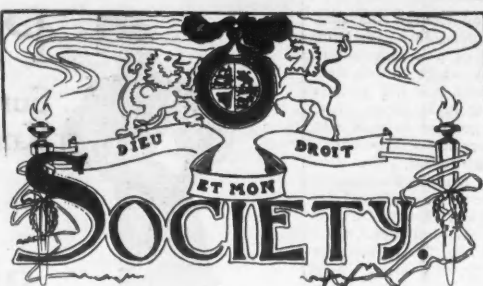
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The marriage of Miss Ethel Mary Brodie, youngest daughter of the late John Lowe Brodie, manager Standard Bank, and Mr. Victor C. Staunton of Toronto, took place on Tuesday, April 4, at the home of the bride's mother, 469 Sherbourne street, before a small company of invited guests, later on supplemented by others who came to the reception to congratulate the happy pair. Rev. John Neil, D.D., officiated. Miss Brodie's wedding-gown was of *crêpe de soie*, beautifully designed and trimmed, and she wore a bridal veil and orange blossoms and carried a lovely shower of roses, lily of the valley and ferns. Miss Edith Brodie was her sister's bridesmaid and looked very smart in a white silk gown with Dresden pattern in pink rosebuds, and carrying a beautiful bouquet of Bridesmaid roses. The best man was Mr. Staunton, brother of the groom. After the ceremony His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor, following the bride party, took in the bride's mother to the dining-room, where the wedding *déjeuner* was served, and speeches were made and the healths of the young couple drunk. The library, in which the marriage took place, was decorated with trailing garlands of green, and the dining-room had a soft rose pink color tone carried out in pink tulips. There were flowers in abundance everywhere. Upstairs was a room full of gifts which I heard described as "dazzling," from the many relatives and friends of bride and groom. Mrs. Brodie, in her handsome quiet gown, was the recipient of many friendly smiles and whispers from the good friends who rightly gauge her sterling worth. Mrs. Jack Brodie, a petite daughter-in-law, looked very dainty in pale blue with a picture hat of black with white roses. Some of the other guests were Mrs. Mortimer Clark, who wore deep blue velvet and lace; Miss Monteith of New York, in heliotrope *crêpe* gown and hat to match and bouquet of sweet peas; Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Mason and the Misses Mason of Emsleigh, Dr. Wishart, Mrs. and Miss Gunther, Mrs. Staunton, Mr. and Mrs. Wellington Francis.

The startlingly sudden death of Mrs. Thaddeus Leavitt at her home, 521 Bloor street west, on Monday afternoon, was a great shock to her husband and friends here and elsewhere. Mrs. Leavitt was so bright and happy at the reception of the Premier and Mrs. Whitney on the 29th, and on the day of her death was in town shopping, and almost at the moment of her death was taking away was busy herself in kindly attention to an invalid relative who had come to visit her. The time from her active ministrations to her death was only a few moments, but most fortunately Mr. Leavitt happened to have come home early and was with her in her last hour. To those who knew her, she was the brightest, most amusing companion, and the most affectionate friend. She loved art, and her pictures, the execution of which at times occupied her leisure, are some of them, especially the flower subjects, of much beauty. Her bright, witty tongue was never at a loss for an apt speech, and she dearly loved to sharpen her rapier with a kindred spirit. An ex-rector of the town to which she came a bride has told me that she was then the prettiest creature he ever saw, and the oldest statesman looked forward to an hour in conversation with her as one of the treats of a recent visit to Toronto. Mrs. Leavitt was author of two or three books of travel, observations and clever epigrams.

Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Jones are at Dannsville. Miss Eva Jones is to return from Germany, I believe, this week, or quite immediately.

Miss Quinlan is to have charge of the Caledon Trout Club *ménage* this summer. Mrs. Johnstone (née Ince), who has been in charge for several seasons, accepted a good position in the States last month and left with her mother and sister Daisy to assume her duties. Captain and Mrs. Gordon Millar have taken Mrs. Johnstone's flat in Spadina avenue.

Mrs. Albert Macdonald, Mr. Alfred Beardmore, and Miss Dorothy Beardmore are either here or en route for home from England.

The marriage of Miss Evelyn Mackenzie of Montreal and Mr. Lissant Beardmore will take place in June.

The programme at the Strollers' this afternoon is in the hands of Miss Kathleen O'Hara, and there is a chance of the *habitués* hearing Mr. Geoffrey O'Hara sing.

Mrs. Harley Roberts was to have joined Mr. Roberts in Atlantic City last week, but owing to his being called home on business, she did not go on. The trip will be an Easter one to New York instead.

Hon. Clifford and Mrs. Sifton spent Monday in town and enjoyed being with their clever son Jack, a student at Victoria College, who is doing well there.

Mr. Sifton's broad prophesies of Canada's advance in the next five years gave an awakening jolt even to the optimistic Canadian Club, and the wag of the hour answered a subsequent inquiry for an Island cottage by a recommendation to his client to build one on Hudson's Bay. The attendance at the luncheon at which Mr. Sifton spoke was enormous, too large even for the spacious Temple Building luncheon salon.

Miss Garrow gave a tea-let on Tuesday for Miss Reynolds of Goderich. Mrs. Wallace Nesbitt had some friends for a matinee bridge on Tuesday. Mrs. Sinclair gave a young people's eucharist on the same evening, at her home, 166 Crescent road.

On Monday the sympathy of all their friends was with Venerable Archdeacon and Mrs. Boddy in the death of their second son, Alfred, who has been for some time an invalid. Mr. Boddy was only thirty-two years old. The interment took place on Wednesday at four o'clock.

One of the much-to-be-deplored breakings-up of an erstwhile happy family, known to many Torontonians, has received its confirmation in the announcement that the husband will apply for a divorce at the next session of Parliament. The lady has been for some time a resident of New York; the gentleman is a Government officer, a very clever and good-looking Easterner.

Mrs. F. Cockburn C'ernow came to town from Ottawa on Tuesday on a visit to her sister, Mrs. George Capron Brooke. Her only son, Mr. W. C'ernow, a collegian of Port Hope, is also visiting Mrs. Brooke.

Mr. Gerald Hayward arrived in town early in the week and is at Mrs. Helliwell's, 74 St. George street. On Tuesday Mr. Hayward was one of a cheerful coterie at the Strollers' Club, of which he is a prized member, and where his gifts as a raconteur are much appreciated. On Tuesday evening Mr. Hayward was one of a box party at Shea's to hear the very excellent *mélange* of this week.

The first Parliamentary dinner at Government House this season was given on Tuesday evening. The following members and their friends were honored with invitations: Messrs. J. B. Lucas, J. H. Carnegie, E. J. B. Pense, Dr. H. G. Laker, A. B. Thompson, C. N. Smith, C. M. Bowman, Morley Carrié, R. A. Thompson, Lieutenant-Colonel J. Munro, A. Hislop, W. R. Smyth, E. A. Dunlop, Major Hugh Clark, W. B. Nesbitt, D. Reed, Major E. W. Rathbun, Lieutenant-Colonel T. R. Atkinson, J. S. Duff, D. Jamieson, G. N. Kidd, J. B. Tudhope, John Smith, J. Kohler, E. A. Little, M. G. Cameron, J. Tucker, Charles Calder, T. W. McGarry, M. B. Morrison, S. Clarke, W. Anderson, C. A. Brower, T. G. Carscallen, D. Sutherland, and J. A. McMillan, M.P.P.'s; Mr. J. R. Cartwright, Deputy Attorney-General; Mr. W. W. Wood, Mr. Aubrey White, Mr. Thomas Mulvey, K.C., Dr. C. A. Hodgetts, Mr. A. W. Campbell, Mr. John Millar, Mr. C. C. James, Mr. J. Kerr Osborne, Professor Mavor, Rev. Armstrong Black, Professor McLeenan, Mr. Francis, and Major J. Fraser Macdonald.

Miss Hope Morgan's farewell concert on Tuesday evening was one of the most spontaneous and delightful expressions of regard and appreciation, and the gifted singer had every reason to be happy over its success. She looked, as she always does, a refined and graceful lady, in a beautiful pearl grey satin gown, and flowers in great quantity and beauty were sent up to her. The Government House party attended the concert and enjoyed it very much.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Campbell Osborne are visiting friends in Montreal.

Miss Virginia Hugel is going to take a course in nursing in the West Fiftieth Street Hospital, New York. I hear she is leaving immediately.

Miss Kirkpatrick gave a small tea at the studio of the Strolling Players on Monday afternoon. The Misses McLeod were the guests in whose honor the event came off. Among those asked to take tea in the pretty room were Mrs. Nordheimer, Mrs. VanKoughnet, Mrs. J. Gordon Macdonald, Mrs. Mackenzie Alexander, Mrs. Mulock, the Misses Mortimer Clark, the Misses Nordheimer, Miss Bessie Macdonald, and a few others. Mrs. Arthur Kirkpatrick poured tea.

The Misses McLeod are remaining for a week or two longer in town. There is some talk of a second evening being given by them.

Mrs. J. S. Willison is spending a week or two in New York. Mrs. Arnoldi has returned from St. Catharines and is, I believe, going to Atlantic City for a short holiday. Mr. Harold Jarvis will be in town next week.

The engagement is announced of Miss Frances Hunter, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Hunter of Bathurst street, and Rev. Robert C. McDermid of Fingal, Ont.

The engagement is announced of Miss Agnes Ethel Hunter, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Hunter of Bathurst street, and Mr. J. Arthur Callander of Pittsburg, Pa.

Among those recently registered at the Welland, St. Catharines, are: Miss M. Barwick, Rev. Dr. Neil, Mr. and Mrs. F. L. Ratcliff, Mr. H. W. Burritt, Mrs. Worthington, Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Hamilton, Mrs. A. Woods, Mrs. F. J. Lightbourne, Mrs. Jopling, Dr. Bruce Riordon, Mr. J. M. Jellett, Mr. E. Osler, of Toronto; Mrs. J. W. Sutherland, Miss Sutherland, Mrs. McGivern, of Hamilton; Mr. E. H. D. Hall, Mr. J. W. Bennett, of Peterboro'; Mr. and Mrs. G. S. Matthews of Brantford, Mr. and Mrs. A. N. Roberts, Mrs. Norton, of Shelburne, Miss R. Woods of Quebec, Dr. W. H. Hodson of Lockport, Mrs. J. S. Robertson, Mr. R. Robertson, Mrs. C. E. Young, of Buffalo.

The Misses Chatterton, 231 University avenue, will receive the second Wednesday, April 12, afternoon and evening, and not again this season.

Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Boone, 57 Bloor street east, returned home from Mexico last week. Mrs. Boone will not receive again this season.

The second private rehearsal of the Schumann Chamber Music Society will be given on next Thursday evening at 8.15 in the Conservatory Music Hall.

Mrs. Septimus Denison and Miss Dorothy Denison will leave for England next week.

The third salon of the Toronto Camera Club will be held at their rooms, corner Yonge and Gerrard streets, from April 11 to 15, inclusive. Pictures on view—afternoons, 2 to 6; evenings, 8 to 10 o'clock.

Invitations are out for the Old Orchard Club's fourth annual At Home, to be held at McConkey's, Friday evening, April 28, which promises to be a great success. The patronesses are: Mrs. R. J. Orr, Mrs. G. B. Kelsey, Mrs. G. W. Scott, Mrs. (Dr.) Griffiths, Mrs. E. P. Atkinson, Mrs. R. L. Brereton, Mrs. J. B. Hay, Mrs. W. G. Parsons, Mrs. T. Winfield, Mrs. Gordon Sale, Mrs. Robert Grant and Mrs. Frank Burton.

Dr. J. Chalmers Cameron of McGill University, Montreal, will deliver his lecture on "Robert Louis Stevenson" in St. James' Square Presbyterian Church on Tuesday evening next, 11th inst., at 8 o'clock. Dr. Cameron is giving this lecture in Buffalo by special request, and has been induced to stop over in Toronto on his way home and give it here too. It is said to be a most interesting treatment of what is admittedly a very popular subject.

The practices for the musical ride by twenty ladies and gentlemen at the Horse Show go merrily on each Tuesday and Friday afternoon, at Stanley Barracks.

### Six Sermonettes for Lententide.

IV. TO THE MAIDEN LADIES.

HAVE reserved my advice to you until the most favorable hour for putting it in practice. During the whole year you have been active, zealous and earning more than the mere thanks of mankind. I myself have had cause to be grateful to you scores of times for the cheerful assistance, ready sympathy and embroidered slippers, sermon cases and mufflers with which you have endeavored to render life easier to the over-burdened. To the younger members of the sisterhood I would say seriously that it is a plaintive waste of time which might be more profitably employed, to tease any helpless, poverty-laden man, even a curate, with quite impossible visions of bliss which never can be. To the older maidens, those of the crow's-foot and anxious eye, those of that desperate age when even a poor curate is worth bagging, I would also deprecate the dreaming of dreams that can never be realized. The percentage of elderly maidens who capture help-less curates is one in fifty thousand, perhaps even less. Therefore let no rosy hope make you foolish in your attitude, mental or material, toward the cloth. But, if you are firmly determined to have at him, *coûte qui coûte*, now is your best time. Curates are never permitted to be sybaritic in their ways; just now the discipline of Lent has sapped their vitality and dulled their keen instinct of self-preservation. If ever a maiden lady of certain age has a fighting chance at a curate, it is when he is half-dazed with the rigors of abstinence, mechanically following round after round of services and private disciplines, just as likely to say "Yes" as "No" to any question put sharply and suddenly. The fifty thousandth curate may be in your parish. Bag him, by all means, if he be. If you don't want a curate—but the notion is preposterous! Of course you want one. So long as you don't want me, I wish you success.

### The Editors Scrap Book.

Wise Sayings by Wise Men.

President Boothe Colwell Davis, Ph.D., D.D., of Alfred University, author, Alfred, New York, July, 1904. "The bicycle has won its way from a luxury to a necessity. It gives pleasure, health, prosperity, and wealth." Lafayette Young, editor the *Des Moines Capital*, Des Moines, Iowa, July, 1904. "Anything that will keep men and women out of doors is a good investment. Therefore, the bicycle has been and is a great thing for the human family." Th. Massey-Harris and Imperial bicycles, at the show-rooms of the Canada Cycle and Motor Company, Bay and Temperance streets.

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Mrs. George Bruce gave one of the many pleasant functions which have been arranged in honor of General and Mrs. F. W. Benson, whose visit to Toronto began on Monday, when on Wednesday she gave a most delightful tea for her women friends, who were asked to meet Mrs. Benson, and furthermore found the gallant General there also, not a bit dismayed at being "the only pebble," in company with Dr. Bruce, the husband of the hostess. Mrs. Bruce received in a simple white homespun costume, and the guest of honor was in black with some beautiful white lace arranged scarf-wise over her shoulders, and a small bonnet. This tea was a jolly reunion of old friends from Kingston, St. Catharines, and Toronto, and among others several of Mrs. Bruce's school-mates of the days when, as Emily Dickson, she was one of the best-liked girls in Hellmuth Ladies' College, London. Some of these were: Miss Benson, Mrs. Salter Jarvis, Miss Labatt, Mrs. Alfred Denison, and Mrs. Sutherland Macklem. Among the guests were Mrs. Pierce of Kingston, Mrs. Harley Roberts, also a former Kingstonian; Mrs. Robert O'Hara (née Dobbs) of Portsmouth, Mrs. Denison of Rusholme, whose late husband, Colonel Fred Denison, C.M.G., was the school comrade and chosen friend of General Benson long ago; Mrs. Douglas Armour, Mrs. Ponton, Mrs. and Miss Strathy, Mrs. Kerr, Mrs. Archie Kerr, niece of General Benson, Mrs. Burns (née Crooks), Mrs. Alex Gibson, Mrs. Miles, the Misses Dora and Jessie Denison, Mrs. Llewellyn and Miss Robertson, Mrs. Robertson of Culloiden, Mrs. Tyrrell, Mrs. Darling of Ravensmount, Miss Kathleen O'Hara, Mrs. G. Harman, Mrs. Boomer, Miss Lola Henderson, Mrs. A. D. Cartwright, Mrs. Dignam, Mrs. Grant Macdonald, Miss Macdonald, Mrs. Bain, Mrs. Watt, Mrs. Cole, Dr. Bruce and Miss Dickson assisted in the drawing-room, and in the tea-room, where a very dainty table was set with good things and centered with a tall pyramid of pale pink tulips, the waitresses were the two elder daughters of the hostess, Miss Colleen and Miss Constance Dickson, Miss Maisie Tyrrell, Miss Lillian Miles, Miss Amy Fuller.

Mrs. Walter H. Robinson (née Hessin) of New York, is spending some time at Lakewood, convalescing from a long and severe illness. Friends here will be glad to know she is growing stronger.

On Friday evening, March 31, Mrs. Andrew Darling gave a very pleasant informal card party to fourteen friends, who played euchre, and enjoyed the evening very much. The prizes for the best scores were flowering plants, lilies and roses, and the victors bore away their sweet burdens proudly. The Darling apartment at Sussex Court is small, but the clever hostess made plenty of room for the game, and a jolly evening was spent.

Miss Violet Freeland, who has made many friends here during the winter, said farewell to Toronto yesterday, and sails by the Virginia to-day from Halifax for her home in Camberly. She has been visiting Mrs. E. Percy Beatty, who, in common with her other friends, will miss the bright, jolly English girl very much.

Mrs. Melvin-Jones gave a matinee bridge at Llawhaden on Thursday.

Mrs. Reginald K. McIntosh is leaving her house for the summer, and will not receive any more this spring.

I hear that Mrs. Morrow has sold her house at the corner of Church and Carlton streets. Mr. and Mrs. Jones, who have lived there for years, will occupy Professor Mavor's house, the handsome Cumberland mansion, during the summer, and in autumn will take their own house in St. George street, newly done over and added to.

On Tuesday Mrs. Archie Kerr (née Wilkie) had a small tea for her relatives. General and Mrs. Benson, at her home in Crescent road. Miss Benson assisted the hostess, and the welcomes to General and Mrs. Benson were hearty in the extreme. I believe General Benson is the only Canadian who has attained such high rank in the British army.

Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Jones have been enjoying the sea air at Atlantic City, and returned home last week.

This aft moon's lecture at Trinity will be the last of the Lenten course, and will be upon "Browning and Florence." There is a peculiar interest and fascination in all Browning lore and reminiscence, and Professor Alexander will doubtless do his subject full justice. The lectures have been splendidly attended this year, and people have found them excellent. Swinburne's lovely lines in memory of Browning are most suggestive at this season, and are quoted at the end of the little programmes of the lectures:

"Back to the flower-town, side by side,  
The bright months bring,  
New born, the bridegroom and the bride,  
Freedom and spring.  
"The sweet land laughs from sea to sea,  
Filled full of sun;  
All things come back to her, being free;  
All things but one."

Mrs. Calderwood of Collingwood is to spend a short visit with Mrs. Walker in Peter street.

Dr. and Mrs. Armstrong Black will be in town until June. Dr. Black having acceded to the request of his church to postpone his departure.

Ralph Connor is to address the Canadian Club this spring.

The reception tendered to Dr. Corson by the Round Table Club last Monday was one of the prettiest of compliments. The two tea-tables, one in mauve à la Japon, and the other in yellow à la Holland, with waitresses in costume of those countries, were most piquant. The veteran scholar and reader thought it all lovely, and so did the crowd of guests.

Mr. and Mrs. Collingwood McLeod got back from Jamaica last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Valentine, charming English travelers, were at the King Edward for a few days, and left town on Wednesday.

Miss Allie Thompson, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Enoch Thompson, has been successful in disposing of two plays, written in intervals of "settlement work" in New York, and is at work upon a third. She is a refined and clever girl and Toronto friends wish her continued success.

Two very charming little dinners were among this week's functions, but hush! 'tis Lent, they were not dinners!

Mrs. Patrick Hughes and her two daughters, the Misses Ethelrida and Lois, have left New Orleans and are now in St. Augustine, Florida, where they will spend a few weeks before returning to Toronto.

Invitations are out to the marriage of Miss Frances Charlotte Lister, daughter of Mrs. James Frederick Lister, and Dr. John Herbert McConnell. The ceremony takes place on Wednesday, April 10, at half-past two o'clock, at the Church of the Redeemer, and will be followed by a reception at Mrs. Lister's home, 92 Spadina road.

On Wednesday General Benson, C.B., was the guest of honor at a very pleasant luncheon given at the Toronto Club, of which Mr. Cockshutt was host.

At 45 Melbourne avenue on Wednesday at high noon a pretty wedding was solemnized, when Miss E. Blanche Robinson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas E. Robinson, was married to Mr. H. Joli Oliver of Sherlin, Minn. Rev. Peter

Macdonald of Cowan Avenue Presbyterian Church officiated. Master Augustus Edwards played Mendelssohn's Wedding March. The bride wore a French dress of pale blue taffeta silk with trimmings of white chiffon. A white chiffon veil, caught up with lilies of the valley, was worn, and the bouquet was a shower of bride's roses. The bridesmaid, Miss Lottie E. Robinson, sister of the bride, was gowned in pink silk eolienne with broad liberty satin girdle, carrying a large bunch of pink roses, tied with broad pink satin ribbon. Mr. McDonald Wallace of Ingersoll was best man. The bride's mother was attired in a gown of navy blue voile over taffeta, the bodice being trimmed with cream point d'esprit. After partaking of a dainty wedding breakfast Mr. and Mrs. Oliver left on the 4.40 train for Detroit, Chicago, St. Paul, after which they will make their home at Sherlin, Minn. The bride's going-away gown was a shirt waist suit of navy blue chamois cloth with trimmings of tan broadcloth, hat to match and tailor-made coat of fawn covert cloth. Guests were present from Philadelphia, Hamilton, London, Chatham, Ingersoll, Palermo and other western points.

Mr. Hector Reid, son of Mr. G. P. Reid, manager of the Standard Bank, has received his captain's commission. He is with the Army Service Corps in South Africa, and, I heard, was expected home on leave the end of this year. He is a fine young fellow.

Captain John Denison, R.N., has received the appointment to succeed Admiral Russell at Admiralty House, Pembroke Wharf, South Wales, where he and his family have lovely quarters. Mr. Denison, who was out here on leave from his regiment at Crete last year, is now in Sheffield, where the regiment is at present stationed.

Miss Ethel Butler was called to Winnipeg to be with her brother, who is seriously ill, I believe, with typhoid fever. She got safely to the Prairie City on Sunday, and at time of writing accounts were favorable.

Mr. and Mrs. Totten are going to St. Catharines on Monday. The weather has proved very trying to Mr. Totten and the change will doubtless be beneficial.

Here is a tale of the hour which reached me this week. A certain young girl was asked to a card party, and on beginning the game discovered that the stakes were "real money." She was a novice at cards, and at once sought her hostess to tell her that she was not prepared to play on those terms. "Oh, go on," said the hostess, "I'll finance you, and we can settle up afterwards." The young girl took her place without further demur and played and won, but without greenhorn's luck. She lost steadily, and at the end of the game went to her hostess and asked how much she was in her debt. "Fifty dollars," was the nonchalant reply. The money was sent the next day. The story has leaked out, and my informant guarantees its veracity.

Mrs. Melvin-Jones has been ordered by her physician to take a rest-cure for a fortnight, and is following his advice, as she has not been at all well for some time. Neither to see friends, read, nor stir out of bed is the rest-cure formula, so that those who undergo it are lost to the world for the term of its duration, and pass their time in some quiet hospital or sanitarium in absolute repose.

A lady tells me an anecdote of Toby Claude (Kitty Barry), whose petite and dainty personality is charming the patrons of Shea's this week. A year ago, Toby and the lady were fellow passengers across the briny. For the entertainment of the party, *four passer le temps*, a mock trial of a breach-of-promise case was gotten up. Toby Claude was the plaintiff, and brought down the house with irresistible comicalities. In a gown borrowed from the stewardess, miles too big for her, a shawl, and a doll's hat with a feather, the plaintiff was the whole show. Those who know Toby Claude can easily believe it.

Mr. and Mrs. Clifford N. Marshall of 623 Sherbourne street left on Thursday for Montreal, New York, and Boston, and will be home again at the end of April.

The engagement is announced of Mr. Percy Maule, son of Mrs. Robert Maule, Avenue road, and Miss Annie Catherine Bain, daughter of Mrs. John Bain, Wellesley street. The marriage will take place on the 17th of May.

Mrs. Harry Brock and her daughter, Miss Mildred, have gone to Atlantic City to join Mr. Henry Cawthra.

The Misses Sternberg are giving an At Home on Monday afternoon at St. George's Hall, at which their pupils will dance the various charming fancy dances in which they excel.

Mrs. Frank Morgan gave a matinee bridge on Tuesday for Mrs. Montague, who, with Hon. Dr. Montague, is at the Queen's.

A correspondent writes: "Mrs. Montraville W. Mills of St. Joseph street gave an afternoon tea on Wednesday to a large number of friends. Mrs. Albert Stovel assisted in receiving and looked charming as usual. Mrs. Harry Sharp and Mrs. Jack Davy ushered the ladies into the tea-room, and with their genial manner made everyone feel at home. The young ladies assisting in the tea-room were: Miss May Buchanan, Miss Jennie Winn, Miss Hazel Carder, Miss Beale of St. Thomas, Miss Ermine Hurst, and Pearl, the little daughter of the house. The young ladies looked very sweet in their dainty costumes. The table was done in pink. The drawing-room, reception-room, and dining-room were a bower of pink roses, and the sweet strains of an orchestra added not a little to the pleasure of the afternoon."

rs. Robert T. Brown of Huron street will receive on the third Tuesday and Wednesday of the month and not again this season.

Mrs. W. A. Charlton gave a tea on Thursday.

Dr. and Mrs. Charles Treble are back from their honeymoon, and are residing at 374 College street.

**The Pure Food Show a Great Success.**

One of the most beautiful exhibits of pure food products that have ever been shown in Canada is now on exhibition in Massey Hall, and will continue all next week. The seats in the body of the hall have been removed and the entire place has been transformed into a bower of beauty. The object of the exhibition is to encourage the manufacture of a higher class of pure food products, and to educate public opinion in the use of them. Lectures on pure food by professors from the Agricultural College, Guelph, will be given, and demonstrations are being constantly made by prettily attired young ladies.

The entertainments are exceptionally good. Rounds' famous Ladies' Orchestra, from Detroit, appear every afternoon and evening. Miss Gussie Leshaw, the famous lady baritone, is attracting great attention. Mr. Harold Jarvis will appear all next week, and the musical direction is under Mr. Harry Bennett, the well-known humorist. Altogether the exhibit is a credit to the city, and is being held under the auspices of the Grocers' Section of the Retail Merchants' Association of Canada. The Management Committee are: Mr. George Good, chairman; Mr. M. Moyer, treasurer; Mr. F. C. Higgins, secretary; and W. E. M. Trowen, general secretary. The admission to all features is twenty-five cents, but your grocer will give you tickets for fifteen cents.

**Home From Amsterdam**

Mr. Frank T. Proctor has returned from a buying trip abroad. Besides making extensive purchases of diamonds in Amsterdam, Mr. Proctor made selections of bric-à-brac from the Royal potteries in The Hague, as well as electroliers, bronzes, and statuary from the well-known art centers of Brussels and Paris. England was visited on the way home, and contributed many beautiful and unique things in the way of silverware of the variety which lasts forever.

"Dumley has taken up the study of jiu-jitsu." "You don't say! How is he making out?" "Splendidly for him. He has almost learned how to pronounce it."



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300 var., 50c. 400 var., 75c.  
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## The Bite of a Rattler and the Sad Fate of Big Pete

By FRANCIS METCALFE

LIKE the pitcher which went to the well until it met the proverbial fate, the trainer entered the lion's den once too often, and what remained of him was placed in an ambulance and taken to the hospital. After the performance for the evening was over, Baltimore, the bad lion, who had suddenly developed a craving for human flesh, had been dealt with by the proprietor of the menagerie in a manner which would spoil his appetite for many a day to come and make him remember that trainers can not be mangled with impunity.

Most of the lights were extinguished at Dreamland, and two men sat at the table in front of the arena with the proprietor, discussing the accident and listening to stories of former encounters which he related. His own body bears the scars of many a battle with his savage charges, but he has discontinued giving personal exhibitions with them in the large cage, because his wife has developed a prejudice against having him brought to her in fragments, and he has found that the training of trainers is a far more difficult task than the education of wild animals.

"Yes, any man who follows this business carries his life in his hands," he said in answer to a question from the stranger within the gates. "You helped to care for poor Bonavita to-night, after Baltimore finished with him, so you know what a lion's jaws can do. I've seen 'em chewed up as bad as that and get over it, but they never get quite the same again. Leave the business? No; it is like the sea: a man who takes to it keeps it up until the time comes when he doesn't recover, but after a bad accident he usually takes another breed of animals."

"The worst sight I ever saw was about five years ago, when one of our performers was turned on by his trainer and seized his arm. He worried it as a terrier would a bone for a good twenty minutes before we could drive him off, and the bear died from the punishment we gave him. The man's arm is not much use to him now, but he is crazy for me to give him another group of animals to train, which I can't do because a man needs two good pairs of limbs when he gets into the exhibition cage." He told of many accidents which had happened to himself and his employees, most of them through their own carelessness, born of constant association with their charges, who never miss the opportunity which the shortest instant of forgetfulness gives them.

"I said that bear attack was the worst sight I ever saw, and it was; but something happened here last year which impressed me more because it was so mysterious. A friend of mine in Florida shipped me a box of rattlers which, he wrote, had been 'attended to' and I supposed that their poison fangs had been extracted. They were delivered just before the performance started and I ripped a board off the box and stuck my hand in, grabbing them one by one and throwing them into the den as if they were garter snakes."

"The man who took care of the snakes was out on the ballyhoo: walking around with the and following him to advertise the show; and when he came in he looked them over and found that each one had as pretty a pair of fangs as you would wish to see. He told me about it, and I confess that it gave me a gone feeling in the pit of my stomach, for I remembered how I had felt around for the time in the box with my bare hands."

"I am pretty busy while a performance is going on, so I told him to let them alone until I had a chance to examine them. Ninety per cent. of the accidents which occur in a menagerie comes from the disregard of ordinary precautions or the disobedience of orders, and I had a presentiment that something was going to happen and I was keeping an extra vigilant eye on the performers in the big exhibition cage. Well, it happened, all right; but not in the way that I expected."

"The snake man, instead of getting back on the ballyhoo where he belonged, stood around the snake cage, watching the new rattlers, and along came a couple of gazabos who commenced talking about them. One of them was the wise guy, who always knows about how the animals are doped so they won't bite, and all that other information which isn't so. He commenced explaining how the snakes were harmless, because their teeth had been pulled, and giving a lot of general misinformation about them. The snake man listened until he couldn't stand it any longer and then he stuck his hand into the cage and grabbed one of the rattlers by the neck."

"Fangs pulled, eh?" says he, and he made the rattler open his mouth and show a perfect pair of stingers. The wise guy took one look at them and fled, and the snake man would have carried it off all right, only he was so busy calling a few choice names after him that he placed the snake back in the cage instead of throwing it in, and the rattler struck him before he could draw his hand out. He had a clown make-up on, so I couldn't tell whether he was pale, or not, when he came to me a few minutes later and held out his hand, but there was a queer expression on his face and I knew that my apprehensions had not been groundless."

"There were just two little red dots, no bigger than pin-heads, on the back of his hand."

"You got it, didn't you?" says I.

"Good and plenty," says he. "My arm hurts me, already."

"We got busy right away and took him up to the hospital where Bonavita is now. Say, he was a very thin man and you can see that I'm no lightweight; but by midnight the right side of his body and his right arm and leg were swollen to my size, and in the morning all of the swollen part was as black as coal. He was suffering terribly, and I tried to get hold of the Arab snake-doctor but couldn't locate him, so I wired to Rochester for Rattlesnake Pete. He came down and a mighty interesting man he is, but he couldn't do anything which 'Doc' up at the hospital hadn't done, and it was five days before my man was out of danger. He was not a drinking man—I finished having drinks around my show a good many years ago—and the whiskey took right hold of him and pulled him through. 'Doc' kept squirting some red stuff into his arm, but it was the 'red-eye' which saved him—and that reminds me."

He beckoned to the waiter and each one ordered his favorite antidote for a possible snake-bite.

"Did he return to the show?" asked the stranger, after he had rendered himself immune.

"He sure did; you couldn't keep him away, but he has never been fond of snakes since. It is the same man whom you saw putting the group of elephants through their paces to-night."

It was growing late, and the proprietor announced that he was going to show his wife a good husband and said good-night, but the stranger waited for his companion's lips, and induced the sleepy waiter to bring a farewell dose of snake-bite antidote. The man was unknown to him by name, but his personality promised to be interesting, for his face spoke of good living, the red of his complexion was evidently not entirely due to exposure to the sun, and the little sacs under the eyes indicated that he was apt to be the last of a convivial party to suggest breaking up.

He had listened to the proprietor's stories with the same bored expression which Noah might wear in hearing the experiences of a survivor of the Johnstown flood, and he looked regretfully at the vacant chair, now that his turn had come.

"Snakes!" he exclaimed with a contemptuous snort. "What does the boss know about 'em? I used to own the only snake that was worth having. Ever hear of 'Big Pete'?" The stranger confessed his ignorance, and the other settled back in his chair and lighted a fresh cigar.

"I'll tell you about him, then. You know that a snake is a queer proposition in a menagerie. They get sore mouths—canker the fakirs call it—and won't eat, and then, if you've got any investment in 'em you want to get it out mighty quick, for they are no orchids. I was pretty well on my uppers, after a bad season on the road, when a guy named Merritt came to me and said he could get a fine snake cheap, and he thought we might make some money out of him by showing him to the Rubes at the county fairs."

"What I didn't know about snakes would have filled a book, but when I saw this one I knew it was a bargain. It was the blindest biggest snake that ever gave a wriggle, and the only reason its owners had not made a fortune was because it was never properly advertised. I used to know just how much he weighed and how long he was, but my brain got so tired figuring up the money we made out of him that I've had no memory for figures since."

"Well, as I said, I was pretty hard up, but I had this sparkler left for 'fall money,' and when I saw that snake I pushed it over my uncle's counter." He pointed to a large yellow diamond in his scarf, and the stranger tried to make a mental calculation of a pawnbroker's valuation of it.

"Merritt managed to dig up some mazuma, and he chipped in fifty apiece and became the proud possessor of Big Pete. If I had been wise to the business as I would have known there was something wrong to make him sell so

cheap, but we more than got our money back out of him the first week, so we had no kick coming. The newspaper boys were good to us and gave us a lot of space, and we were playing on velvet and had Pete besides. It was such a cinch that Merritt, who looked after the snake while I did the spilling and sold tickets on the front, commenced to get worried for fear we should lose him."

"Jim," says he to me one morning when business was a little dull, "I believe there's something phony about the blame snake. He won't eat and I've tempted him with the best I could get. I guess I'll run down to the Bowery and get one of those snake sharps to come up and have a look at him; I believe his teeth need filing."

"I knew he was stuck on a girl that was doing a turn in a music hall down that way, but business was dull, so I let him go without raising a holler. The next day he comes back with a jaw-carpenter who claimed he knew all about snakes and when he gets through looking at Pete's mouth we felt pretty blue."

"Canker!" says he. "Your little snakelet may live a month."

"Well, that put it up to us to get busy, so I did the spilling on the outside until my voice gave out, and Merritt lied on the inside until he was black in the face, telling the Rubes about how many sheep old Pete swallowed every week. We had a lot of rabbits and doves with him in the cage, hopping and flying around behind the thick glass front, and they were real sociable with old Pete, who never batted an eye at 'em. At the end of the month he was looking pretty thin and we were afraid he would peg out any day. It was hard luck on us, for things were coming our way and our bank rolls were getting good and plenty thick and they were all 'yellow boys' from the case card to the wrapper. Our wads grew fatter as Pete grew thinner, and we were looking for some easy mark to unload him onto, when one morning Merritt comes running out, just as I was staving off a farmer who had heard him lie and brought around a flock of scabby sheep to sell to us for snake food."

"Jim," he yells, grabbing me by the shoulders and walking around like a whirling dervish, "we'll make Vanderbilt and Rockefeller look like thirty cents; old Pete has swallowed every blame pigeon and rabbit in the coop."

"It seemed too good to be true, but when I went to have a look there was not a feather nor a piece of fur to be seen and old Pete was examining all the corners of the cage to see that he hadn't overlooked a bite. He looked a whole lot better already, and Merritt and I began to discuss what we should do with all our money."

"But say, there was one thing we forgot to reckon on—the appetite he had been saving for about a year, and although the money came in faster than ever, most of it went out to the rabbit men and pigeon fanciers. You know that when a snake swallows an animal you can see the bulge in him for a long time, but you couldn't see any in old Pete. He was just the same size all the way from his nose to the tip of his tail, for there was no space between the animal and the snake."

"Things began to look pretty serious for us, for he had used up all the available money, and the money was running country, and the Rubes got onto the fact that we were up against their game and raised the ante on us for what was left. It's like taking candy from a child to sell a gold brick to a farmer, but he everlastingly gets back at you if you have to buy any of his produce. Hungry Joe and the man who invented the green goods game would be skinned to death if they had to buy a dozen eggs from one of 'em."

"And all the time old Pete kept a constant procession of small animals coming down his throat, regardless of expense, and if the supply ran short he would look at Merritt so reproachfully that it made him feel so bad he couldn't deliver his lecture for sobs. He worked the pathetic on him, but if I came around there was no 'Only three grains of corn, mother,' expression on his face; he would just rear up on his tail and lambaste that 'g' as trying to get at me. I had been living pretty well during our prosperity and I guess I looked good to him, so rather than have any hard feel

ings about it I stuck closer than ever to the front of the house."

"We had rented a frame building in a little town up on the Hudson and were showing him off in good form. Business was rushing and we had the S. R. O. sign out all the time, but snake food was getting scarcer than boiled lobsters during the cold snap last winter. The show had closed up for night and we were trying to make dents in the front of the tavern bar with our breast-bones and laying in a stock of supplies, in case old Pete should bite us."

"While we were discussing the best way to stimulate the rabbit-breeding industry, 'bliff-boom-bang' went the town bell and the barkeep commenced to peel off his coat and get into a red flannel shirt and a fireman's helmet. It was one of those towns where they have a dide volunteer fire department, which the boys all join for the socials in the winter and to look pretty on the annual parade day. Merritt and I didn't hurry any; we knew that it would take some time for the chief, who kept the town drug store, to get into his red shirt and shiny boots, and select the bouquet to carry in the big end of the speaking trumpet. Pretty soon, 'Always Ready, Ever Faithful, Hose Company Number One,' which comprised the department came down the street all of the company shouting orders through trumpets at the two coons who were pulling the cart."

"Of course, we went along to see the 'righting the flames' show, but say: the joke was on us, for it was our theater which provided it. There wasn't anything left to harm and the hose company marched proudly back. Poor old Pete was nothing but a heap of ashes and Merritt looked sorrowful."

"Jim," says he, "let's copper the rabbit market before they get wise."

"Did you have no insurance?" asked the stranger sympathetically.

"Not a blame cent," replied his companion as he rose to go to bed. "But I am making good money out of old Pete yet. I had him stuffed and get a hundred a week from a dime museum for him—and they furnish the feed."—*Outing.*

**Things Women Should Know.**

No man is ever really in love who can say so with all the ease, ardor and éclat of a stage lover.

No man ever loved a woman just because she was good.

The husband who never gives his wife a decent word or a compliment we call a stage lover.

It may improve him, but it won't treat her in the same way.

The sincerest lovers are those who are tongue-tied and don't know where to put their feet.

There are two kinds of courage—the courage of the limelight, which prompts a nice young man in white ducks to jump overboard after a girl's handkerchief, and the real courage of a man who faces the horrors of a fashionable wedding, the torture of meeting the bills of a housekeeping apartment and the agonies of walking the floor all night with the baby. The two are seldom coupled in one young man.

A man doesn't mean all he says after he has had the fourth bottle of champagne.

A man is like a piece of cloth war-anted to wash and matinee in the laundry. It may improve him, give him starch and freshen him up, or it may take all the color out of him. You have to take the chances.

**Linevitch Old Enemy of Gen. Kuropatkin.**

PROBABLY no greater punishment could come to General Kuropatkin than the appointment of Lieutenant General Linevitch as his successor.

In the Russo-Turkish war the two men quarreled bitterly, being of equal rank. In a few years when Kuropatkin had become the head of the Trans-Baikal army, Linevitch was one of his division commanders, and the quarrel was renewed. Linevitch challenged Kuropatkin, who refused to fight a duel, on the ground that it would not be proper for him to take the field with an officer of inferior rank.

Linevitch is 66 years old, and has been a fighter since his twenty-first year. He has seen service in every section of the Russian Empire, from the Caucasus to Vladivostok. It was not until November 14 of last year that he was put in command of an army corps. Viceroy Alexieff had him sent to Manchuria, and when the Japanese broke out, Linevitch took hold of the situation at Liao Yang, established the military supply stations there, worked out the Yalu River campaign, and was in general command of southern Manchuria until Kuropatkin relieved him.

Kuropatkin changed all his plans for the defence of Liao Yang. Linevitch wanted to fight the Japanese in the mountains east, south-east and south, but Kuropatkin believed in "flaming them on," and fought only outpost actions, except at Motien and Haichen, where the configuration of the ground permitted him to do great damage to the assaulting forces and retire without great loss to himself. In the battle of the Sha, in which the Russians lost, by their estimate, 13,333 dead, and counting their wounded and the men lost as prisoners, altogether about 50,000, Linevitch was engaged against Kuropatkin for six days.

The Japanese official accounts admit that Linevitch had Kuropatkin's army in jeopardy twice and success for the Japanese was won on each occasion with reinforcements from General Nodzu's centre army. It was Linevitch who kept Kuropatkin out of Fushun for two days, and it was the left of his army, with Remnenkampi's cavalry, that forestalled Kuropatkin's ravisher east. This, if carried out, would have shut off Kuropatkin's own division.

Mark Twain was visiting H. H. Rogers, who led the humorist into his library. "There," he said as he pointed to a bust of white marble "what do you think of that?" It was a bust of a young woman coiling her hair, a very graceful example of modern Italian sculpture. Mr. Clemens looked at it a moment, and then he said: "It isn't true to nature." "Why not?" Mr. Rogers asked. "She ought to have her mouth full of hairpins," said the humorist.

## Deaths the Poets Died.

DEATH has a distressing way of coming at all kinds of inopportune moments. It seems to be Nature's law that this last grim function when we all desire to execute as gracefully as possible should be set for a date either a little too late or a great deal too early for our comfort and convenience. In the same way the manner of our taking off is generally unsatisfactory. There is always some disease that we would be rather proud to die of—some painless ailment with a long hyphenated Latin name that lends a dignity to death or even one of those excruciating maladies that borrow a certain gentility from the circumstances in which they are contracted. Locomotor ataxia will command respect as long as people regard it as the result of carnal reveling and mysterious debauch. Who that had a relative die of the disease ever told the circumstance without an air of self-conscious superiority?

"Oh! that I might die of consumption!" cried Lord Byron. He had the proper idea. Here was no morbid wish engendered by melancholy, but the frank avowal of a poet who realized the importance of doing things in the most appropriate way. It was probably to court such a death that the great bard of passion exposed his white throat to the fog of London, roamed the snowy hills of Greece in the dead of winter, and swam the Hellespont like Leander of old. Poor Byron! It was not to be. Instead of the gradual wasting and the etherealizing pallor that would have rendered the approach to death both poetical and gratifying, he was stricken by nothing more romantic than rheumatism, a complaint so commonplace that you or I might die of it.

Shakespeare's death was far less edifying, if the common tradition is worthy belief. His last work, *The T. A. C.*, was finished; he had broken his conjugal's wand, and was cozily established at his old home in Stratford-on-Avon. Thither he went to see his old friends Ben Jonson and Michael Drayton, those two roystering blades who could toss you off a madrigal or a cup of sack in the twinkling of an eye. What folly follows they must have been! Rare Ben with his fund of scholarly wit seasoned with attic salt, and Mike, whose familiar knew him, the drollest of poets who had an unsettled score of a hundred on every tavern door in London. And then there was "Sweet Will," whose myriad mind, when it inclined to sportiveness, set the table in a continuous roar. Of course the three were delighted to be together once more, and must needs celebrate their reunion in the most approved fashion. Their drink was no "water mixed with claret lees," I warrant you, but the best vintage that ripened in Shakespeare's cobwebbed cellar. They emulated their old bibulous feats, "done at the Mermaid"; they pledged each other and all their friends, living and dead, in brimming bumpers. No doubt they roared out one of those old interminable drinking songs, punctuating each stanza with another flagon, and were careful to have the table spread with abundant "pullers-on," as was the manner of those days—red herrings, anchovies and salt cakes, that incited to further thirst. Of course their conversation, while it was still coherent, was witty and brilliant. Jonson detailed, with just the right zest of cynical bitterness, the gay doings of the city and the Palace. Drayton sang a catch or two and told some of his best stories, and Shakespeare—I wonder what he did? Perhaps he gave them that song they all seem to have loved, *Take, Oh, Take Those Lips Away*. Perhaps he was "an admirable fooling" and tore common sense into a thousand shreds of whimsical nonsense, the kind he made immortal. In short, we can imagine those three poets reproducing, without intending it, that great sitting wherein *Toby Belch* and *Andrew Ague-Cheek* roused the night owl and the indignant steward. But the Stratford carousal had a more serious ending. Next day the two visitors returned, with headaches, no doubt, to London, while their host kept his bed in a fever. The bout was too much for Shakespeare's slackened blood and he died of it.

Pietro Aretino was not a great poet; in fact, if it were not, as Oscar Wilde said, that fame and infamy are distant from each other only a single step, and that a man may achieve an immortality of infamy as well as an immortality of fame, he would not be remembered. If there is an inferno for wicked poets, Aretino occupies some place of exquisite torture in Malabale where demons tear him for his bad verses. This man who, while living, was linked in pornographic disgrace with Giallo Romano, died a peculiar death. Some friend came to his chamber one day to tell him a funny story. The story has not been preserved, and anyway, it is very probable that it could not be told here, for it concerned Lucetta, Aretino's sister, whose life was largely made up of unprintable things. The joke tickled Aretino immensely—his classic Roman features expanded with mirth, he showed his teeth in a knowing grin and then exploded with laughter. Rally, it was so funny that he held his sides in a convulsion of merriment. But in so doing he forgot his balance, toppled over in his chair and dashed out his brains on the floor. To such extremities does the sense of humor lead a man.

A boy goes to school so as to have a lot to unlearn when he comes out.

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## LADY GAY'S COLUMN

TWICE recently have I been privileged to meet the man with the fad. The first time it was the man with the fad for re-binding, inter-leaving, embellishing books, until sometimes, of a small volume he had made three or four. Was a famous beauty mentioned? There she was in half a dozen pictures, brave warriors and engravings of their most famous battles, beautiful views of countries referred to in the book, pictures of ships and dwellings and noted personages, of inventions and great constructions and triumphs of engineering skill. All sorts of additions to the meagre manuscript as it first appeared, collected from all sorts of places, until the books held within their covers all that was known on their subjects. This man has his workshop and his press, rare bits of leather and silk and cloth and paper, glue-pots and vices, stampers and embossers; it was fascinating to realize what a delightful and ever-growing vista of interest his fad provided.

To-day I went to see the man with the spectacle fad. You'd be surprised at the way that fad turned out, and how interested one gets in the old horn-framed goggles of the earliest European goggle on record, St. Jerome. And if he did really bring his owlish old glasses back from Arabia where he spent years in study, the Arabs got them from the yellow terrors, sans doute! The man with the fad has a bright red velvet shrine for his curiosities, each antique pair of specs has its own little pocket, and some weird-looking specimens came out of those pockets. Here was a pair with the beginnings of a bevel on their round circumferences, and the man with the fad told me that long ago the Mirror Makers' Guild compelled all oculists to pay a sort of premium upon their constructive business by having the mirror makers make one glass of every pair sold. Blue pairs, green pairs, dingy pairs and bright pairs, all loved and cherished for one excellence or another by the man with the fad. Here were glasses from Nuremberg, there were two clumsy pairs from Paris Exposition of 1900, when on news of the uprising in Peking the French populace unreasonably took it out of the poor Chinks in the Exposition, sacked their exhibit, and sold off its contents for any old price people would give. "Me bold boy," the man with the fad, bought these cumbersome old lunettes for half of nothing and has them proudly fastened on a large card. Beside the actual specs by the dozen, of antique memory, he has made a collection of photos of famous paintings, tapestries, and so forth of all ages in which spectacles are represented either being worn, held in the hand or stowed away in a chateleine case dangling from the girdle of an holy friar.

Long ago the spectacles were nippers, worn very low down on the nose. One sees them so in many old paintings, and the man with the fad has them all in his book. "One day," said he, "I saw a red leather case in an old shop window in England, and I went in to look if there were spectacles within." Then he paused with the chuckling gleam of the lucky finder as he drew out and tenderly polished a pair of glasses, whereof the lenses were divided horizontally by an hour-glass of tortoise-shell, the top halves being long-distance and the lower ones reading glasses. "I was afraid to show how pleased I was, for fear the woman would see how much I wanted them," he said with retrospective slyness. "I think if I'd been a drinking man I should have gone away and gotten drunk over my good luck. There, look at them!" and having duly brightened them on a bit of chamois he handed them over to me with modest pride. There were spectacles with leather frames, others so very fine that their little narrow lenses and fragile frames seemed merely ghosts of the spectacle family. There was a pair of Arctic snow-spectacles, mere slits cut in wood, a mask across the eyes, and a small Gothic arch for the nose to fit between. And there were quizzing glasses of the fashionable beaux of France and Spanish gallants' eyeglasses, and many another freak and fancy in the spectacle line. One ancient Nuremberg pair in a funny green pasteboard case lined with a green velvet, set forth on the narrow metal rim that their maker was So-and-so, and made excellent glasses. I believe that it was Sir Isaac Newton who precipitated the debate upon the correct size of glasses, and succeeded in persuading English makers that the eye should be protected from light as much as possible. Out of this notion arose a very queer looking pair of spectacles which had a sort of mourning border within their frame. But one might go on writing all day about what the man with the fad showed me and told me in regard to spectacles. No one knows how long they've been in use. You know how one gets lost in the mists of antiquity if one tries to penetrate the back history of the Chinese. And 'way back, as far as eye can see, they have their round, uncomely eyes to sight, the first people in the world to thus assist it.

Lady Minto's article in the *National Review* reached me last week, and certainly the "beloved" has done us proud, and her warm enthusiasm about this country would strike a spark on an iceberg. She begins by deploring the self-satisfaction and parochial spirit of Londoners, and urges those wishing for a "four months' pleasure" to give a preference to Canada over foreign lands, to Canada, so richly endowed with all that nature can bestow. The Countess dates upon the beauties with which she is so familiar, of her rapid-running in canoes and her prairie ride and camp in the North-West. She says, "after the monotony of the prairie, the first glimpse of the Rockies is like a view of the Promised Land. The beauty of the remotest mountain passes is indescribable, whilst, far beneath them, lakes nesting at the foot of great glaciers sparkle like gems in a setting of dark fir trees, and reflect from an emerald surface and with

a dazzling transparency the frowning rocky peaks on high. And then, there is the sacred stillness of the snowclad hills," and so on, the ardent nature-lover leaving little to be added by the most rampant Canadian. "The race-meetings held in Toronto," continues her ladyship, "outshine in respect to large fields and good management many historic gatherings at home." And further, "any stranger traveling in their land will meet with nothing but the utmost kindness and hospitality from this generous and warm-hearted people." Verily, the day of the "blasted colonials" is dawning, and it's "hats off" from Johnny Canuck to the queen of hearts who has talked about us behind our backs as if she really and truly liked us.

LADY GAY.

### A Lenten Hazard.

In Lent she turns from gaieties  
And greets me with a pensive air;  
She frowns on worldly revelries  
And hunts out sombre things to wear;  
Not that her faith enjoins her thus  
The righteous pathway to pursue,  
But merely (this between just us)  
It is "the proper thing to do."

In Lent there are no suppers I  
Must pay for when the curtains fall;  
The cabbies oft must wonder why  
I summon them no more at all;  
From worldly pleasures she withdraws  
Not that her creed compels her to,  
Or that she's pious, but because  
It is "the proper thing to do."

In Lent a bunch of violets  
Is all she costs me day by day;  
In Lent I settle up the debts  
That I have long been urged to pay.  
She ceases for a while to "pour,"  
She turns from teas and dances, too,  
Because, as has been said before,  
It is "the proper thing to do."

In Lent about three times a week  
I sit alone with her at night  
And wonder if I ought to speak  
The words I long have hoped I might.  
I rather like her pensiveness,  
Her coy, expectant manner, too;  
To speak or not—oh, well, I guess  
It is "the proper thing to do."

S. E. KISER.

### When I was a Little Boy.

NOT long ago I read a book in which a man with a talent for writing simple English told the story of his boyhood. It was not a succession of thrilling adventures. Nothing startling happened at any stage of the narrative, but there was a nameless charm to it that made me think that if all biography were confined to the days of childhood we should be saved the dusting of an endless number of dull books, to say nothing of the gain in volume the reading of which would be worth while, if only for the joy that it kindled in the heart.

Our children strike the right note when they plead, "Papa, tell us what you did when you were a little boy?" I believe in granting this request, with due reservations, of course. Encouragement of this curiosity may in time bring about a boom in the biography of childhood. The idea grows upon me as I think about it. Perhaps I had better tell something about my own earlier years in order that you, my reader, may get an inkling of the scheme at its worst.

To begin, I was born in a log cabin. Abraham Lincoln was similarly favored, but this merely goes to show that there is a great difference in log cabins. To the best of my recollection, my first three years of life were a blank. At the end of that hiatus, I am told, I distinguished myself by creeping under a gate and joining a crowd that was hurrying down town to view the remains of a wrecked Fourth of July cannon. Two things made this escapade notable. The aperture under the gate, according to authority that I must respect, was so small that the family cat hesitated to use it. The other cause of my early fame was that my relatives took it for granted that one cannon can fly to pieces twice in a day and that I was in grave danger as I stood with critical eye inspecting the fragments of iron and wondering was "the man hurted much." I have been told that the man was given a military funeral. He gave his life to his country, uncle said, but still I was the greater hero.

I couldn't have been much more than three years old when my mother took me down to the river to see some people baptized. My conduct on that occasion was unexpected. To me it appeared that the man who first waded into the river was trying to drown the poor people who followed him in. I screamed in my fright and set up a terrible hulla-balloo, but the ceremony went on despite my protest and was, no doubt, a great success. However, that was the last time that any one ever took me to see people baptized.

The two wonderful things already related occurred in Michigan. Long before I had reached the age of four, my parents without it waiting for the consent of the gov. decided that I should be moved to Nevada. Father had gone on ahead, and the rest of us, four in all, started westward in a bunch. All I can remember of the journey is that the boys who bathed in the Missouri River beneath the bridge didn't wear bathing suits and that some one belonging to our little family party lost a priceless pocket knife out

### —USE—

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of the car window. I forget now which one of us owned the pocket knife. I can only remember that it was priceless, also that it was irretrievably lost.

After a while we reached Virginia City, which was a wonderland for a small boy. They had real Indians there, with four kinds of paint on their faces, and the big mines fumed and puffed and roared all day and all night. Pierce-looking white men carried pistols strung to their belts, and mild-looking yellow men, with hair strung out like the tail of a kite, carried baskets to and fro. The town clung to the side of a mountain, and probably because there were plenty of stones lying about the small boy took up as an amusement the accomplishment that made David famous. They, however, found no Goliath. This was bad for the yellow man with the basket. His was vicarious atonement, but his salvation was slow and only came when the offending boys grew out of the habit. Then, as a rule, an entirely new band of Davids took the field.

At the mature age of six years I ran away. My destination was Gold Hill, which was ever so far away—almost a mile. I had a new velvet suit on, my best cap and shoes, and I had ten cents in money tied up ever so tightly in the corner of a handkerchief. I started out bravely, but I never reached Gold Hill. A heavy rain had preceded my departure from home, and although the storm was fully over and the sun was shining, I encountered a pond of ocean-like proportions before I had gone a block. I tried to ford it, slipped and fell. Between mud and water my new velvet suit gained many pounds in weight, and when with the assistance of a neighbor I had scrambled out of the pond on the side nearest home I had no heart for further journeying.

As the years passed I grew friendly with the Indians. Among the redskins who passed through Malley's lot, which lay beside my home, was one who, though wearing a bandana for a bonnet and keeping up to the fashion of calico gowns of loud pattern, had the stride of a man. I first noticed that neither buck nor squaw had any respect for the mystery. It always walked at the last of the file and rarely did any one speak to it. In time I learned that the mystery was once a brave who went forth with his tribe to give battle to the greedy white man. His mistake was that he broke and ran at the first fire. The rest of the tribe waited for at least another volley. After the fugitives had travelled a score of miles, taking about two clumps of sagebrush to a leap, they held a pow-wow and gave the brave who had the unpatriotic hurry a choice of death or woman's clothing for the rest of his days. He hurried into a dress, and had been a human scarecrow for a dozen years when I last saw him. This made me think that the Indian isn't as fond of dying as some writers have made him out to be.

I shall always remember my first school teacher. I can understand her now. She was a great-hearted little woman, who refused to believe that boys are savages. School for the week ended on Friday afternoon, and after the boldest of us had spoken pieces from the platform—Friday being the day for exercises—teacher took up a position in the narrow doorway, intending to kiss each of us as we passed out. She got along lovely with the girls, but with the boys, who, to her idea, were not little savages, it was different. They took notice that the teacher did not fill the doorway, and then they sneaked through and trickled through and rushed through, and when such schemes didn't work they formed a flying wedge and upset her. She never succeeded in kissing more than ten per cent. of the boys, despite the fact that our fathers advised us to submit, but still she never would agree with any one who called us savages.

Outside of school, to use the language of the small boy, "slews of things" happened, but if I don't stop the flow of reminiscences soon I shall be writing a book. Before I cease let me record the fact that I once thought myself worthy of a halo. The great hoisting works of one of the Comstock mines near my home caught fire, the flames leaped along until the whole structure was ablaze, and the shower of sparks threatened the destruction of every home within a quarter of a mile. When my people began to move, household goods down the hill I ran into the house and rescued the family Bible. I did not look for anything else. I was a self-conscious hero, and I confidently expected that my picture and a thrilling story of my deed would appear in the Sunday-school papers. Really, I felt disappointed when the fire died down and I had to lug that big book up the hill again. With the failure of the fire to at least damage the house my hope of fame was gone. I knew then that it was my last chance. No Sunday-school paper has ever printed my picture. After the fire, life was never the same to me. That incident made a great difference in my early career. I groped along with a sense of injury for a few years. Then I began to feel grown up, and, of course, what has happened to me since then isn't worth telling. —John Taylor Waldorf.

Mr. I. K. McCutcheon, recently superintendent of agents of the Federal Life Assurance Company, has been appointed to the position of general manager of the People's Life Insurance Company and has assumed the duties of his new position. Mr. McCutcheon has been associated with the life insurance business for over twenty-five years, and has been one of the most successful business producers in the Dominion, and his association with the People's Life will still further strengthen this company, which is gradually becoming one of the most successful of the newer insurance companies of the Dominion.

"Well," remarked Hercules cheerfully, as he gazed up at Atlas, "you seem to be bearing up pretty well, even if the whole world is down on you."

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ALL DRUGGISTS—EVERYWHERE

### Veracity and the Camera.

NOT long ago all of us believed that a photograph could not tell a lie. We had as much faith in the camera as in the Bible. Did a witness testify that he never was in a certain place? Produce a photograph of him standing in that very place and you could convict him of perjury. Did a railway company deny that the plaintiff in a damage action had been hurt so badly as he pretended? A photograph of his wounds convinced the jury and made the verdict generous. The camera was supposed to be an eye that could neither deceive nor be deceived. It was a stronger witness than twenty stout citizens under oath.

But the camera's reputation for veracity is gone. Evil men have taught it to lie, and it prevaricates now as plausibly and unconsciously as any professional perjurer. In the days of its righteousness it was admitted as a witness in all courts, but it already has lost standing and soon will be adjudged incompetent and incapable of bearing witness because unworthy of belief. Photographers, under the stimulus of yellow journalism, have learned to practice deceit with the camera. By holding the camera close to the object, and at certain angles, they can get a distorted and enlarged photograph of a particular part that will be all out of proportion to the other objects within the scope of the lens. A slight crack in a wall can be made to look in a photograph like a wide rent threatening the stability of the structure. A little cut on a man's body can be converted, by photography, into a great, gaping gash. Every deformity can be exaggerated by the cunning holder of the camera for the edification of a sensitive and sympathetic jury.

Suppose a newspaper wishes to print a picture of King Edward in the act of scaling a ladder to save a child imprisoned on the third floor of a burning building. At the first fire that occurs the photographer will take a snap of a fireman climbing a ladder. He will then cut out the fireman's head, and a photograph of King Edward's head in its place, and photograph the counterfeit. If the imposture be neatly done the fraud is difficult of detection. This trick is played frequently by the yellow newspapers, who employ the most ingenious photographers.

### The Gentler Sex.

A woman may know that she has ceased to be a bride only—When she finds herself saying uncomplimentary things to her husband.

The first time her husband criticizes her frocks.

When she discovers she is jealous.

When he grows economical with his kisses.

When she begins to nag.

When he becomes sarcastic about the food.

When she does not mind coming to the breakfast in curl-papers.

When he tells her how pretty some other woman looks.

When he begins to eulogize his mother.

When a meal becomes so quiet that she can plan a whole frock between the courses.

When he begins to go to his club.

When she begins to hunt up her old friends, and enjoys calling on them.

When he comes in late for dinner.

When she forgets to come home from the matinee in time to greet him before dinner.—*Minneapolis Tribune*.

The age of Ann has given place to the question as to the age of Aphrodite.

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## The Revival of the Ancient Sport of Falconry.

**M**R. JAMES WHITE, writing in the *Illustrated Sporting News* on the revival of falconry, predicts that the ancient sport will eventually become popular in the United States. If this be so, what he says of the United States should also apply to Canada. The article is of no little interest, and is, therefore, reproduced in full on this

page, together with the original photographs which the author employs.

Unless all signs fail, says Mr. White, we are apt to have a genuine revival of the ancient sport of falconry. In England it has already returned to favor,

abandoned to such an extent that there are no professional falconers, and a lack of a thorough literature of the sport tended still more in this direction.

But during this two hundred years of royal neglect falconry still lived in th

falconry as it was as peculiar as that of the Scotch game and extended beyond every part of the hawk's anatomy and for all of his moods and habits. Then there were the technical terms of the hawk trainer.

The falconer's first task was to teach his hawk obedience. When this was done the bird's instinct as a hunter



TEACHING FALCONS HOW TO WORK.

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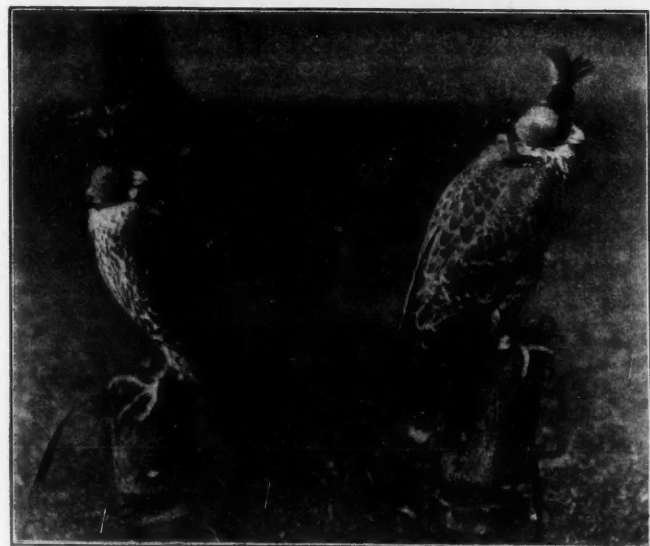
abandoned to such an extent that there are no professional falconers, and a lack of a thorough literature of the sport tended still more in this direction.

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would do the rest. The Scotch method was to take the falcons from the nest instead of trapping old birds, as was the practice of some countries. The nestlings had to be taken at a certain period of their development, and there were certain exact rules that had to be con-

formed to. Otherwise the bird would not be worth the training. He was then provided with a bell and a small strap on his foot and turned loose on the estate of his owner. For a time the hawk would furnish much amusement to his master, for the young hawk is of a mischievous nature. When he was old enough to receive instruction he was taught to sit on the finger and take food from the hand of his master. This was usually done by candle light. Animals of wild instinct are more docile by candle light than in the light of day. When the young falcon had learned to look for his daily food entirely to the hands of his master, he was put into a hood which covers his eyes.

This means that he has graduated from candle light into the utter darkness in which he will spend the greater part of his life. The hood is never removed except when the falcon is to be fed. When the bird has learned by much experience that he is to look for food the moment he sees the light, the next step of his education begins. For this purpose the trainer constructs "the lure," a dummy of feathers made roughly to imitate a bird. This was usually constructed around a heavy horseshoe, with wings and a breast of the grouse, heron, or other game bird, the idea in using the horseshoe being to give the lure so much weight that the bird could not carry it away, as his instinct would suggest. The next time the hood is taken off and the falcon looks for his food in the hands of his trainer, he finds the piece of meat attached to the lure.



WITH HOOD AND STRAP.

and every estate has its hawks and "cades" and a cote of fine merlins, bastards, goshawks, etc., and in western New York and in the Berkshires it has been practiced for about three years with great success, and a large number of English falcons have been imported for the sport.

Tapestries and dim engravings tell us how great a claim falconry had upon the favor of knights and ladies of old. When Lady was written with a capital L, the fair dame carried her falcon on her wrist whenever she rode abroad; she even took him to church, and then the clergy strove to make laws against him. It was a picturesque sport and slowed off the figure to advantage, and this means it will be in high favor here.

Falconry is as old as the Phoenicians. It was referred to in the oldest hieroglyphics and has had a place in the life and literature of all civilized peoples. The people of India were adepts and had their peculiar methods of training and managing the birds. The Chinese used the falcon as well as the cormorant. In England the sport was at its height in the time of James I., who was the last English king who practiced it. This sport, that had been in vogue for centuries and even tens of centuries, if the hieroglyphics read aright, came to an end with a suddenness that was only equalled by its antiquity. James was such a devotee of falconry that he would leave a Council of State in the midst of the most important deliberations and go to hunt the heron. At the end of the life of his son, falconry was a thing of the past, and the deepest students are not decided as to what the decadence could be directly ascribed. In a general way it succumbed to the puritanical spirit of the "blue law" times of Cromwell. Having thus gone out as a sport falconry may be said to have ended, as there was then no practical impulse for



LEARNING WITH THE LURE.

dred years falconry was revived in a traditional way from the practices of the Scotch falconers. The art has come down through the medium of the same people who are responsible for the game and language of golf. The language of

At each feeding the lure is held further from the falcon, until finally he will look on the ground to find it and go to greater distances.

He is brought back each time by means of the leash attached to his foot,



AWAITING THEIR TURN TO HUNT.

until by much patience and many failures on the part of the trainer the bird has learned to go out for the lure and return again to the hand and darkness of the hood in order to have the operation repeated. This last operation is against all of the instincts of the hawk, and it takes much work to get him so that he is not "hood shy." When he has learned to do his lesson with speed a small game bird is substituted for the lure. The falcon kills the bird and comes back to the wrist of the falconer. He is now ready for the crucial test of soaring into the blue in pursuit of game. When he strikes down his quarry it is taken up by the hunter or his dog, and if the falcon does not return, the lure is again of service.

Finally, he is an educated hunter, who can be let loose when a covey is located, and allowed to soar while the game is made to rise. And when he has killed his quarry he comes back again to the darkness of the hood, which means to him that once again the light will flash on his eyes, and he will be allowed to gratify his instincts and receive his reward. Thereafter his life is a monumental delusion; he thinks that the hood and his master are a necessary part of killing birds.

The falcon has seldom found his way into American literature, but most writers who refer to it have taken occasion to wonder that falconry is not practiced in our broad prairies, as they are more suited to the methods of the long-winged or true falcon than is the open country of England.

In the old days Royalty reserved for itself the higher phase of the sport, and to this end made laws regulating the kinds of hawks that might be used in the various stations in life. The word falcon designates any bird of the hawk species that is trained to hunt, ranging in size from the eagle and vulture down to the sparrow hawk and merlin. The present emblem of the United States was only used by emperors, and kings were supposed to use nothing larger than the gerfalcon. From this the order of nobility was allotted its peculiar bird according to the following table:

Falcon gentle and Tiercel for a prince.  
Falcon of the Rock for a duke.  
Falcon Peregrine for an earl.  
Bastard for a baron.  
Sacre and Sacret for a knight.  
Lanner for a squire.  
Merlin for a lady.  
Hobby for a young man.  
Goshawk for a yeoman.  
Tiercel of the Goshawk for a poor man.

Kestrel for a knave.  
"Tiercel" was a male of any of the hawk species and was seldom used because the female has been equipped by nature with stronger hunting instincts and a swifter flight acquired in her practice of obtaining food for the young. The few books that have been written on falconry since the sport ceased to be in vogue merely quote this table without comment, and those that were written at the time when popular literature was not so common were intended for a public who were familiar with the peculiarities of the sport and for whom the writers would therefore leave many things to be taken for granted.

There are a number of professional falconers in England, and they no doubt look with satisfaction upon the fashionable revival of the sport. Falcon training has always been a special profession, for it takes much science as well as patience. In fact, an understanding of the artificial methods by which the wildest inhabitants of the air have been induced to work in opposition to their strongest instincts of freedom requires a little patient study. But it repays the study, for the training of the falcon is the strongest illustration of the work that gave to mankind the reputation of being the only animal that makes slaves of other animals.

### Jolts From the Japs.

In no respect has the white man been surer of his superiority over men of darker skins than in regard to his fighting powers. He has believed himself easily the best soldier and the finest organizer of war in the world. What white nation is confident now of the accuracy of that estimate? Who is certain that there are white men anywhere who can outfight the little brown islanders of Japan?

It has been the belief of the Occident, if not of Orientals, that the typical warrior should be gruff and blunt, more given to talk of feats of arms than to anything delicate, fanciful or aesthetic. What swashbucklers, what swearing troopers, what dangerous ruffians of the Western world can claim superiority in all or anything that makes a soldier over the Japanese, who speak softly and are naturally smiling, courteous and deferential, who love beauty so much that they make festivals of the blossoming of fruit trees in spring, and are so dainty that they care more for fans than strong drink, and value tooth-brushes above hearty food?

In Europe and America the general tendency has been to rate big men above small men for army service. Yet the ever-victorious and altogether wonderful armies of Japan have not drunken rowdies. They are not attended by a licentious horde of camp-followers. The unmatched soldiers of the Mikado are small, dapper, neat. They would be called effeminate if they had not proved themselves almost superhumanly virile.

The belief has been very general among English-speaking people that meat-eaters have better natural equipment for fighting than vegetarians or those who use little flesh. The Japanese live almost wholly on vegetable food. What beef-eaters have better fighting blood? Was there ever a race of more perfect warriors?—Cleveland Leader.

### On Pleasure Boat.

It was obvious, from his uniform, that he was a messenger-boy, and he strolled along with his eye fixed on a page of an extra-special, thrilling story. At the corner of a street another messenger, running wildly, bumped into him, but, taking no notice of the temporary interruption, immediately started running again. The amazement of the first youngster was almost too great for words. "Hi, there, Bob!" he called, when he recovered his breath. "What cher running for? Ain't cher working to-day?"

## The Spring Months

are a severe strain even upon the most robust constitutions. People seem to have gotten into the habit of dosing themselves with tonics, instead of going to the root of the matter and relieving the conditions which cause the trouble.

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EDMUND E. SHEPPARD, Editor.

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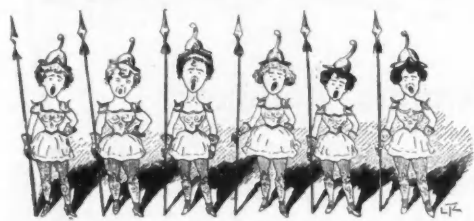
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## THE DRAMA



MISS MAY IRWIN, the bright, buxom Canadian actress with the infectious laugh and clever tongue, was the attraction at the Princess Theater the first half of the week, and well sustained her continental reputation as one of the most delightful entertainers on the American stage. *Mrs. Black is Back*, the vehicle in which Miss Irwin runs through a succession of bright sayings, clever monologue and melodious coon songs, is not a form of stage mechanism more involved than is necessary to give Miss Irwin a good show for the display of her clever humor. As the wife of a strait-laced college professor with a penchant for plain, unequivocal truth, she is involved in the probable arrival of a son by a previous marriage which would make evident that she had lopped off seven years of the age given by her to her second husband. The situations are delightfully amusing when carried out by the whole-souled, laughter-loving actress whose ringing laugh and confidential attitude with her audiences have made her a perennial favorite. The human womanliness of Miss Irwin is one of her strongest attractions. When combined with that unusual thing in woman, the gift of humor—she is irresistible as a sparkling entertainer.

There are many good turns at Shea's this week, of which some are new. *The Black Cat*, a clever, bright little sketch, is excellently played by Miss Errol and Al W. Wilson. Their hard luck as miners and their final resolve to hold up a stage coach, with the necessary instruction beforehand to the wife, allow of some very humorous situations. Henri French, a quick-change artist, gives a good performance, although it drags in some places. Toby Claude sings several new songs in a dainty, pleasing fashion. The Spook Minstrels are a quintette of male singers whose minstrel songs are rather attractive. Bellman and Moore present a rather poor sketch entitled *A Bit of Vaudeville*. Harper, Desmond and Bailey, colored singers, are amusing and clever, and the Elgonas, comedy gymnasts with the kineograph, complete a good bill.

*Who Goes There?* has returned to Toronto this week and is being played at the Grand Opera House. The piece has been embellished to a considerable extent and this time it has an attractive chorus and a number of musical selections. There are a number of humorous situations in the plot, and the company make the most of them. Dorothy Maynard and Evelyn Francis are perhaps the best of the female characters. Hale Norcross and Sidney Irwin in juvenile comedy are good. Walter Perkins does some good work, and Thomas Hunter is good as the indignant father.

In the presentation of *The Usurper*, the new comedy drama with which Mr. Nat C. Goodwin will open his three nights' engagement on Monday next, April 10, there will not be a jarring note, for we are told that the furniture, bric-à-brac, and other embellishments that go toward giving color to the theme, are the real thing. The tables and chairs and even the magazines and newspapers used upon the stage are English or of English make. The scenes of the play are laid at Dulverton Castle in the British Isles. As Mr. Goodwin wants everything apropos to the story, he is said to have incurred great expense to give a true and correct idea of the locale. The last night of the engagement will be devoted to a splendid revival of *A Gilded Fool*, the comedy classic which aided much in giving Mr. Goodwin that reputation for refined work in which he excels. *The American Citizen* will be given on Tuesday night.

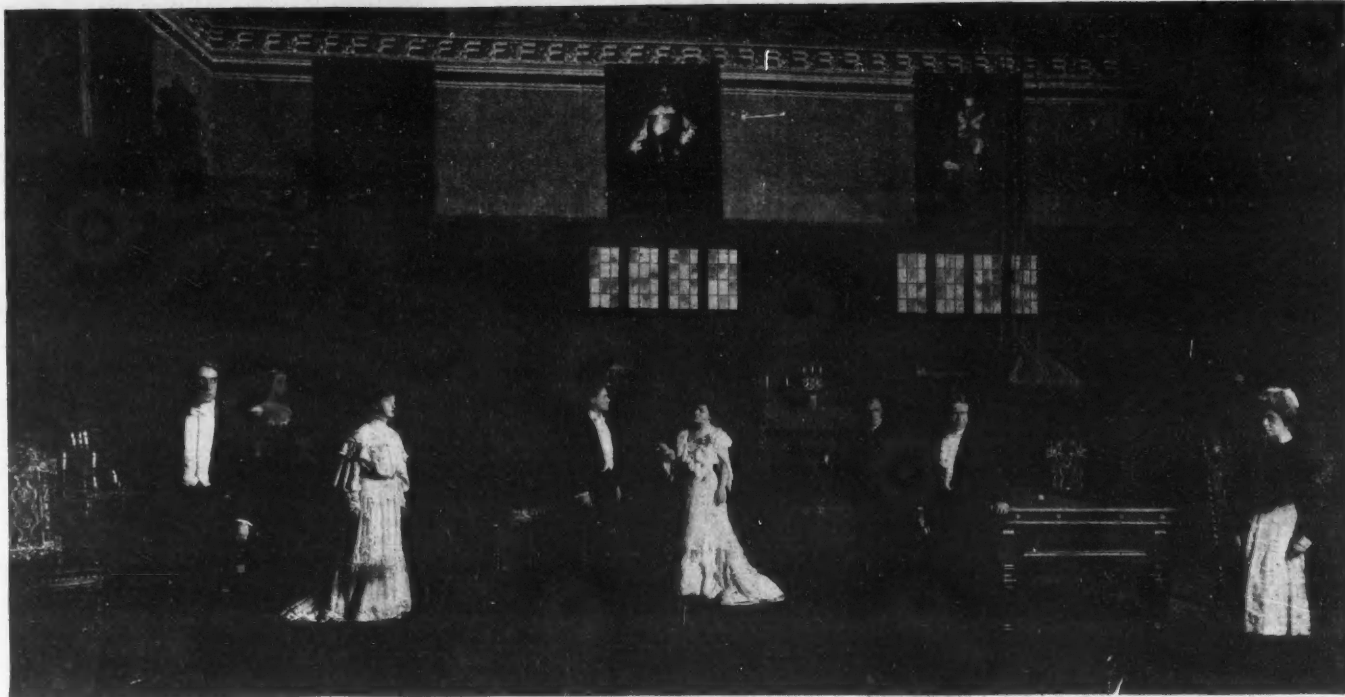
## New York Letter.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

WITH a successful presentation of Bjornson's *Beyond Human Power* (second part); two inspiring matinee performances of W. B. Yeats' poetic and allegorical drama, *The Countess Cathleen*; Ibsen's *When We Dead Awake*, established at a Broadway Theater, as the record of a week, in addition to the high-class permanent successes already noticed, outside opinion of New York's theatrical tastes will surely need some scaling. And all this in spite of the counter attraction of Barnum with the new leap-to-the-death turn! Of the critics you may still think what you choose, though in your judgments be as kind as you can and allow for the prejudices and preconceptions of a lifetime. Life is too busy for much revision, and here's particularly annoying to old age. But the people! We may trust them to find their way up to the best, even though Satan leer in every glittering doorway they must pass. Ten, I believe, would have saved Sodom, and here are probably ten thousand theatrically righteous.

The great Ibsen drama, "tried out" at matinee performances, proved so entirely successful that Mr. Maurice Campbell was persuaded to put it on as a regular performance, and last week saw it successfully installed at the Princess. I have seen two performances since it was first given to the public, and each time something has been added to the wonderful first impression. It is one of those pieces one must see over and over again to appreciate, yet without fear of exhausting either its infinite suggestiveness or its eternal springs of poetry.

The actors are no doubt gaining, too, in their conception of their parts, and bringing out the infinite little subtleties with a surer touch. Some improvements could be made in the cast, which, above all things, must be evenly balanced, attaining that "level of excellence" desirable in all productions,



SCENE FROM 'THE USURPER' IN WHICH MR. NAT C. GOODWIN WILL OPEN HIS THREE NIGHTS' ENGAGEMENT ON MONDAY NEXT.

but indispensable to a successful presentation of Ibsen. The casts are small, but this renders each part absolutely necessary to the cumulative effect this dramatist seeks. To have *Ullheim*, for instance, though a subordinate character, wholly out of the picture from first to last, is a serious defect that could be remedied. Though, to find a wholly satisfying *Rubeck* among the rank and file of actors is probably not so easy a task. And, Mr. Frederick Lewis gives at least an intelligent reading, is sincere, and sustains the action throughout.

Miss Dorothy Donnelly's *Maia* is quite an admirable conception, and has undoubtedly gained in subtlety since she first essayed the rôle. Her voice is irritatingly thin at times, but her acting and facial expressions are always good and every mood is clearly and intelligently expressed.

But Miss Florence Kahn's *Irene* is, in certain qualities, I think, the most impressive piece of work we have seen since Miss Matthison's famous *Everyman*. It is a beautiful performance, full of wonderful power, alive to the beauty of the poet's vision, and grimly terrible with the sardonic humor of his strange, unnatural excesses of fancy.

*When We Dead Awake*—what a startling truism confronts us even in the title!—is probably one of the greatest, as well as most beautiful, dramas yet given to the world. And the part of *Irene*, one of the strongest in possibilities, ever put into an actor's hands.

Mrs. Fiske has been appearing in the rôle of authoress during the week, scoring a distinct success in a matinee performance of three one-act plays, *The Rose*, *A Light From St. Agnes*, and *The Eyes of the Heart*. Mrs. Fiske did not herself appear in any of the little plays but made up the casts from other members of her excellent Manhattan company.

Mr. George Arliss appeared in two of the pieces, as *Count de Rohan* in *The Rose* and as *M. d'Anselot* in *The Eyes of the Heart*. The former is a successful rôle, in which he has become more or less familiar to us, but in the latter he appeared in altogether a new guise, throwing off his individuality entirely. In this he becomes a dear old grandfather, who, though blind, has a happy faculty of knowing all that is transpiring around him. The entire family is at this moment engaged in a conspiracy of silence to keep from the old man the knowledge of his poverty brought on by the grandson's lavishness. An old picture, whose possession is the grandfather's greatest joy in life, is finally sold and another picture of less value substituted. It has been the old man's habit to pass his hand over the canvas, which he cannot see, and divine something of the beauty of sky and trees and sunlight that are painted there. And when the deception is realized a splendid note of real sorrow is struck, which the acting of Mr. Arliss illumines most exquisitely. Indeed, one could hardly imagine anything finer than the delicate artistry of that moment. However, the part has more in it than pathos, and is conceived throughout in a delightful vein of humor which this splendid actor fully realizes.

Emily Stevens, who has played second to Mrs. Fiske all season, acted the part of the granddaughter, *Mignon*, with all the delightful simplicity the part requires. The play itself, or at least the incident in it, was found by Mrs. Fiske in an old Italian comedy by Gallini.

*A Light From St. Agnes* is a strong piece of emotional drama, that roused the audience to a real pitch of enthusiasm. Its scene is laid in the lowlands of Louisiana, and concerns the relations of two children of the soil, *Michel* and *Toinette*.

A saintly woman who has died just as the play opens, has been zealous in moral reform in her neighborhood—banishing the liquor traffic for one thing—and for this as well as for her efforts to reclaim *Toinette*, incurred the enmity of *Michel*. *Toinette* is not much reclaimed, however, and shows little regard for her dead benefactor, until her lover, *Michel*, in a drunken frenzy, tries to steal the diamond-studded cross from the saintly breast. From that moment the real action of the play begins and the development is swift and terrible, until finally the girl lies stabbed to the heart, the glow of the rising sun lighting up her dead face with wonderful impressiveness. At the close of this piece Mrs. Fiske was obliged to appear and how her acknowledgements.

To see Bobbie Burns in the flesh—rather much in the flesh, perhaps, for an oatmeal diet—has been the distinguishing privilege of a visit to the Criterion, the last two or three weeks, where Miss Mary Mannering is appearing with considerable success in her new play, *Nancy Stair*. This play is one which the dramatic Potter, by name Paul M., has moulded out of certain material in a novel of that name by Elinor MacCartney Lane. The material apparently was not all clay, for a good many liberties have been taken with the text. But the result is a popular and stirring dramatic appeal to the romantic that may still be left in us, after the plowshares of Ibsen and Shaw have ruthlessly passed over our souls.

Miss Mannering, who has been in comparative retirement since her great hit in *Janice Meredith*, is again admirably fitted in the present rôle of the historic *Nancy Stair*. The play is full of action—much of it exaggerated somewhat—and goes with a vigor and vim that would do credit to a more modern breakfast food. *Nancy* herself is vivacious, coquettish and serious in turn, touching real emotional depths when need be, but always sweet and pretty, and just such a girl as any McGregor might be jealous over, or any Bobbie strive to make immortal in song. And Bobbie himself (they all call him "Bobbie") is there, large as life—perhaps a bit larger than life-size—and we know him as vagrant, frequenter of inns, over-fond of a pretty face and the idol of all the country-side. But for all his reputation as a tippler, he was evidently not "Scotch" that Bobbie took. At least his truant tongue never betrayed anything but "Irish," with an added flavor of the kind that made Milwaukee famous—if that were not out of the question so long ago as those old Jacobite days.

And Bobbie, however lightly he loved other girls, loved *Nancy Stair* with an ideally disinterested passion. So much so, that when it came to the question of a cavalier to carry the letter to Pitt, Prime Minister of England, that was to save her lover from the gallows, *Nancy* called on Bobbie, and Bobbie was at once "to horse and away." There was another reason, of course. Pitt, as an admirer of Burns, would grant the poet immediate audience, return the needed letter, and bring the young gallant back to Edinburgh at the proper psychological moment of the trial scene. And Bobbie did all this for *Nancy* while still believing in the guilt of her lover.

There was good acting throughout the piece, and some delightful scenes, the prettiest of all being a little dance to the song, *Coming Through the Rye*. The trial scene, too, was well mounted, and carried through with a good deal of realism. Altogether it was a pleasure to be back in the good old times among old friends, like Bobbie, whom we have, perhaps, in the hurry of things, sometimes neglected too long.

Private word from London brings the good news of a

rapid improvement in Sir Henry Irving's health and the definite announcement that the grand old actor will resume his work at Drury Lane Theater on the 29th of this month.

The rude halt that was given the "triumphal progress" through the provinces has, therefore, proved but temporary, and the actor's London season will no doubt become the welcome occasion of unusual homage and popular devotion on the part of an affectionately admiring public.

*The Merchant of Venice* will be the chief item in a limited repertoire, and in this connection the *Portia* of Miss Edith Wynne Matthison is being looked forward to with considerable interest. The provinces have received it with unqualified enthusiasm, and it only remains now for London to set the seal of its approval on the work of this gifted artist. In the interval, and by kind permission of Sir Henry Irving, Miss Matthison has been engaged to play *Andromache* in the *Troades* of Euripides, for a series of matinees at the Royal Court Theater, London. This engagement is under the management of Messrs. Vedrenne and Barker, who have already distinguished themselves for highly artistic work in a production of the *Hippolytus* of Euripides, as well as of the *Bernard Shaw* and other plays. Professor Gilbert Murray is the translator of both the Euripides plays, and the English version of the *Troades* is pronounced superb. In this production—of the Trojan women, the *Hecuba* is to be played by Miss Marie Brema, whose work has heretofore been wholly in grand opera; Miss Edith Olive, the *Cassandra*, and Miss Gertrude Kingston, the *Helena*. Mr. James Hearn of Sir Henry Irving's company, will play the *Talkhybus*. The chorus of Trojan captive women, made up of superior trained voices only, will be a notable feature in the production. No effort in this or any direction, apparently, has been spared to attain highest artistic results.

Another announcement about to be made public, in which Miss Matthison's name appears prominently, is a series of eight performances of *Everyman* at the Shaftesbury Theater during Holy Week, together with one special performance at the Crystal Palace Theater on Good Friday.

Miss Matthison's characterization of the part of *Everyman*, which she created, is too well known on both sides of the Atlantic to need any comment. If any recent dramatic work has touched the point of genius, this undoubtedly has. The present production will be under the direct management of Miss Tita Brand, and by arrangement with Mr. William Poel of the Elizabethan Stage Society, who was responsible for the original production of this old morality play, as seen both in London and America. Mr. Poel is to personally supervise this production, and the original costumes and scenery will be used.

Miss Tita Brand has taken Shaftesbury Theater for a season of her own, and will open there later on in *Othello*—herself as *Desdemona*, Mr. Herbert Carter as *Othello*, and Mr. J. H. Barnes as *Iago*. Meantime she has generously deferred this opening to permit this interesting revival of *Everyman* with the reappearance of Miss Matthison in her original rôle. Tita Brand in this will play her old part of *Knowledge*—a part she made so exquisitely beautiful in the original production at the Imperial Theater.

Some interesting changes on the New York boards are promised for the coming week, the most notable being a revival of *London Assurance*, in which Miss Ellis Jeffreys, the distinguished English actress, whose New York debut was noticed in these columns a few weeks ago, will appear at the head of a strong cast. Miss Jeffreys herself will appear as *Lady Spanker*, Mr. William H. Thompson as *Max Harkaway*, Mr. Ben Webster as *Charles*, and Mr. Murray Carson, the recent English star whose *Trifler* was his undoing, as *Meddle*—a brilliant cast that ought to make the revival of the old piece exceedingly interesting.

Mrs. Le Moyne, whose *In a Balcony*, with Otis Skinner, proved a notable literary achievement a few years ago, will give a matinee performance this week of *A Blot on the Scutcheon*. No attempt has been made to produce this piece since Lawrence Barrett appeared in it with fine effect twenty odd years ago, and Mrs. Le Moyne's production is therefore all the more interesting, apart from her pre-eminence in Browning literature.

I notice with considerable pleasure that Toronto has been definitely selected by Mr. Savage for a performance of his English *Parsifal*. These letters have perhaps sufficiently noticed the beautiful production given in New York, early in the season, and you are certainly to be congratulated on this opportunity which Mr. Savage's enterprise has made possible.

Toronto's musical reputation has evidently gone abroad, but with all this reputation—late enhanced by the brilliant performances of the Mendelssohn Choir—the fact remains that you have no place for an adequate presentation of an opera on the scale of magnificence that *Parsifal* requires. Among the many restrictions placed on the "gift" of Massey Barn, the most ridiculous from every point of view was that forbidding grand opera performances. Imagine a culture, not to mention a musical education, that knows not the Wagnerian operas backward! But then, ye gods! what does a peasant machinist know of these things? This ban, I am aware, has been lifted—on behalf of Royalty, whose incorruptibility we may assume—but to lift the ban is one thing and to build a stage quite another. And we all remember the foolish efforts of the opera company on that occasion to give any sense of illusion to their performances, while the front-row singers were continually in danger of falling over the footlights into the pit.

The theater selected for *Parsifal* undoubtedly offers the best stage accommodation, but, how will it seat the people? And, as *David Warfield* says to the spinster who has "refused" offers in the past, "there you are."

## And Experience Tells.

They were a group of burly pitmen, and they were in earnest confab over the approaching marriage of one of their comrades. "He's over young is Arthur Jones for such a great responsibility," said David Davies. And from the chorus of approval which arose it was evident that David had expressed the general opinion. But Thomas Owen was not inclined to vote with the majority. "Oh, I don't know," he said; "I think the lad will get on well enough. 'Tisn't as though he hadn't had experience. I remember he was nearly killed down in 't pit once afore."



OVER THE PRECIPICE.



## A Cut of the Cards.

HERE was more draw-poker played on the North Saskatchewan fifteen or twenty years ago than was necessary for the upbuilding of a young country. A church deacon was known to derive considerable pleasure during "the lasties" of a sermon by mentally betting fifty cents against a quarter for the contribution-plate that the minister would wind up his sermon within the half hour. The parson heard of his deacon's idiosyncrasy and would give him a run for his money and would come under the wire with only half a minute to spare. The minister had the exceptional gift of keeping his congregation together.

At that time Big Bill Parkins and Jack Hudson had adjoining farms in the now well-settled part of the Edmonton district known as Clover Bar. The farms were river claims, both taken up at the same time, and in an equal state of cultivation, and the two had, in the spirit of the West, exchanged their labor and their stock, freighted in partnership from Calgary in the slack season, drunk together, played poker together and otherwise were quite neighborly. This Damon and Pythias relationship might have continued if Pete Barwick hadn't taken over the Alberta Hotel and if Pete's daughter Helena, through the difficulties of obtaining domestic help in that unsettled country, had not been compelled in her father's interests to act as "dining-room girl." This brought Miss Barwick into the fall glare of the foot-lights of the stage of Saskatchewan life, and, with numerous others, both Mr. Parkins and Mr. Hudson fell in love with her.

Miss Barwick was only nineteen, but a Western dining-room girl of nineteen, with seventy-five per cent. of the back-claws of a district as large as a European kingdom groveling



"There's a big game goin' on up-stairs."

at her feet, knows more of mankind than an Eastern matron of fifty. And she accepted the characteristically Western attentions of the two friends with apparently equal satisfaction, and the betting of outsiders as to the result remained even.

"Either one of them fellers 'ud make Nell a good husband," said the grey-haired old hostler, "but there's no tellin' what a girl will do when she's got the pick of the bunch."

The old-time friendliness of the Clover Bar neighbors began to somewhat cool as the attentions of both became warmer towards the auburn-haired waiting-maid of the Pride of the West. This is how it became renewed.

"Gettin' sort o' goody-goody lately, aren't you, Bill?" said Hudson one afternoon as they found themselves the only customers in the bar-room of the Pride of the West. "Playin' the church racket and wearin' a boiled shirt." And there was the slightest evidence of a sneer in the drawing voice of the speaker.

"Oh, I dunno. Can't say I am," said his whilom friend. "Gettin' a little tired of suckin' at a permit keg of Hudson Bay rum every few weeks and playin' cards in a sort of kid game of two-dollar limit. The West is gettin' spoiled by the tenderfoot. They'll be introducin' croquet or that new game they call long tennis soon. If men 'ud play for somethin' instead o' monkeyin' round at seven-up for the drinks or fifty cents a game, I guess you'd find me there all right."

"I guess a little game of draw without any limit and one-dollar calls two in the ante, 'ud about strike you?" said Hudson, with a touch of irony in his voice.

"I dunno, but it would," answered Big Bill, and there was a glint of anger at the inference that the game was too big for him. "If you'd play it through to a finish."

"I'm thinkin' that's the way I'm built," and he called for cards and an adjournment was made to the sitting-room upstairs, generally used for cards when the stakes were high and the potatoes deep.

All that afternoon the game went on with no interruption save the occasional demand for fresh cards and refreshing drinks.

"There is a big game goin' on up-stairs 'tween Big Bill and Jack Hudson," the bartender informed his intimates among the various ranchers that dropped in during the evening. "Best not butt in." And the afternoon went; supper was passed untouched, and the evening waned.

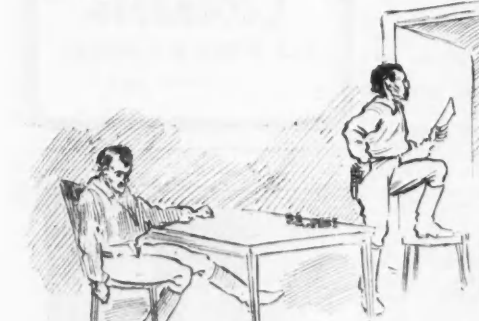
"How is it goin'?" the bartender asked the call-boy upon his return from one of his last trips.

"Big Bill has most of the chips most of the time," said the boy, whose vocation had made him observant.

"Well, it's closin' up time," said the landlord. "Send a couple of bottles up to the card-room. That ought to do them till mornin'. I don't believe in stoppin' a game between friends."

When he came down early next morning he heard that the game was still going on.

"Well, them fellers is sports," said he. "For a friendly



"We spent a fierce night playin' for sunbeams."

little game, they're seein' it through. Somebody's goin' bust at this rate."

"That's what I was tellin' Nelly at breakfast," said the bartender, "and she got mad when I asked her if she was good at pickin' a winner. She's got huffed at some idea that she's in this game, somehow or other."

"I told her," said the call-boy, breaking into the conversation with the precocity of Western childhood. "I told her that I saw Jack Hudson pull out his patent for the homestead and pre-emption and lay them on the table, and ask Big Bill how many toad-skins they were worth in the game, and Big Bill said they were worth a thousand if Jack 'ud agree to pull out of the Saskatchewan for good and all if he lost, and Jack said, 'Oh, I see what you're after. Why don't you play straight for the girl, without any monkey business?' and then Jack thought for about two or three minutes and went on between his teeth: 'It's you and me for it. One of us has got to go broke from this room and out of the runnin', and they're playin' yet.'"

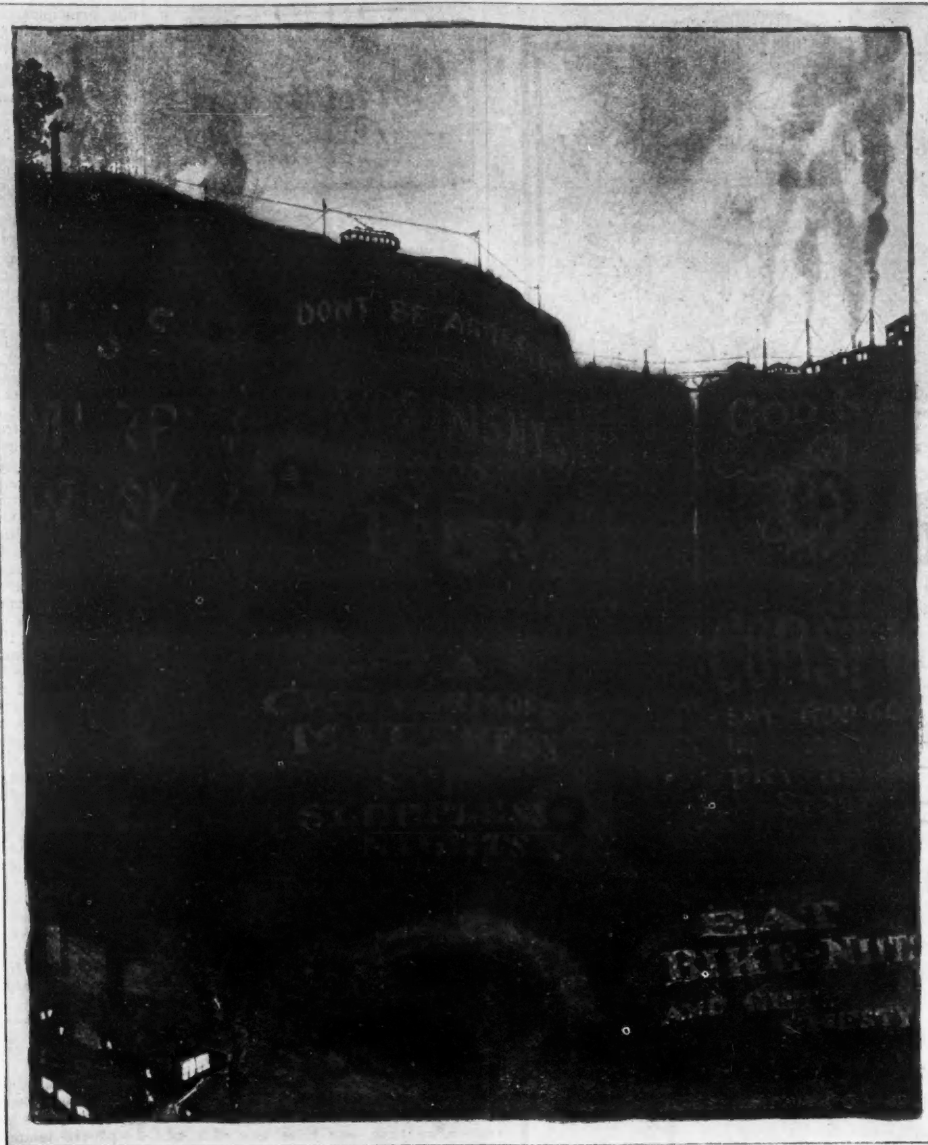
"What did Nelly say?" asked her father.

"She didn't say nothin' for a minute, then she asked me to get some ink and some writin' paper, and told me to give this letter to the one who came out of the game a winner."

In half an hour there was the tinkle of the bell from the card-room. When the call-boy entered Big Bill was standing up with a look of exultation in his blood-shot eyes and Hudson was sitting at the table with his white face twitching.

"Brandy," said Big Bill laconically.

"Brandy," echoed Hudson.



NIAGARA FALLS IN 1950.—Life.

The boy handed the letter to Big Bill, who laboriously read:

"Mr. and Mrs. Barwick request the pleasure of Mr. William Parkins and Mr. Jack Hudson's presence at the wedding of their daughter Helena to Rev. Matthew Slowcombe, Methodist Minister, at the Pride of the West Hotel, a week from to-day, D.V. R.I.P. I'm taking no chances in any game like matrimony."

"What did the boys say?" asked Miss Helena Barwick when the boy returned.

"They looked dazed like for a minute or two, and then Big Bill says, quiet like, as he went over and handed Hudson his patents. 'Say, I guess you'd better take these back. We ought to know by this time that the game ought always to be played for table stakes. We spent a fierce night playin' for sunbeams.'"

## Not in the Play.

Amateur theatrical companies are proverbially courageous, and perhaps that is the reason that the Puddlecombe Theatricals selected *Iolanthe* as the means by which they would astonish the natives. As every lover of Gilbert and Sullivan is aware, one of the most effective scenes in the opera is the rising of *Iolanthe* from the bosom of a beautiful river, and it seemed that this scene would go particularly well. The queen and fairies had sung their welcome well, the limelight was full on. "*Iolanthe! Come, Iolanthe!*" sung the fairies. But *Iolanthe* did not come. The queen waved her wand frantically, and the fairies anxiously repeated: "*Iolanthe! Come, Iolanthe!*" It was a tense moment, and the excitement had communicated itself to the audience. Again the invitation was repeated, and then a petulant voice from beneath the water's silvery surface was heard. "*Oh, do be quiet!*" it said. "*Can't you see I'm caught on a nail?*"

## Random Shots.

LONGFELLOW UP TO DATE.

Under a spreading new spring hat  
The city maiden stands;  
A most expensive maid is she,  
With rather large demands—  
But her dad's a politician, and  
Has timber limit lands.

A WORD TO THE WOMEN.

They say that the wage-earning women  
Have decided at last to unite;  
They will organize various unions  
And proceed the employers to fight.  
But if they will accept a suggestion,  
I think there's a much better plan—  
And it means that each girl form a union—  
Individ-u-a-lee—with a man.

THE FIRST OF THE SEASON.

(A man wearing a new straw hat was seen walking along Adelaide street on Tuesday.)

'Tis the early bird that catches the worm—  
Thus said the sages of old—  
But her dad's a politician, and  
Will probably catch cold.

W. F. W.

Freddy—Tell me what you think your father would say if I'd ask him for your hand. Gertie—Oh, Freddy, I really couldn't.



J. BULL'S NEW VIRTUE, MODESTY.

Miss Canada—I do wish he would propose. I've done all I can.

## The Education of Benson.

IN the social life of the small town of Ontario the bank-clerk is a distinguished figure. Should he be English, his accent and antecedents give him an exalted place in the esteem of the feminine community, and his ways are made pleasant at the euchre party and the "little dance." Although Howard Benson was merely a Canadian by birth, having first seen the light in the town of Lindsay, he was in a fair way to be spoiled when whatever powers there be sent him to Rayford, a small, sleepy town in which it was impossible either to "get up" a religious revival or to excite an interest in the new railroad. Socially, however, Rayford considered itself infinitely more to be desired than the bustling town of Weltham, just eighteen miles away, which was characterized as new, vulgar, and given over to the pursuit of wealth. Human nature finds great comfort in despising what it cannot attain, and Rayford took pride in its simplicity and its somnolence.

When Howard Benson entered the service of the Empire Bank of Rayford he found himself the recipient of so many social attentions that his fair young head began to revolve and his letters home contained urgent hints as to how much extra allowance a fellow needed before he could appear to advantage among the "best people of the place." He enjoyed everything from a church bazar to a Knights of Pythias ball, and began to realize that it is extremely comfortable to be a large toad in a small puddle. He allowed his fancy to roam freely among the young women of Rayford, whose maiden name was Legion. He secretly rejoiced when Rogers, in the Northern Bank, who was even younger and fairer than he, accused him of cruelty and fickleness, and his only reply was a laugh of wickedly sophisticated sound. But to his everlasting credit be it said that he did not understand at all when a married lady with a hard smile and unpleasantly golden hair called him a dear boy and stroked his rosy cheek tenderly; in fact, he made her his implacable foe by saying that she reminded him of his Aunt Louisa, causing the said lady to designate him mentally "little fool," and drop him accordingly.

But Howard Benson's joyous career received a sudden check when he met Janet Forbes for the first time and perceived that she was "different" from the other girls. Janet's father was the Presbyterian minister of Rayford, and, while he allowed his pretty daughter to indulge in the graver measures of the "Lancers," he strictly forbade any revolutions in the "round" dances. So, when Benson met Miss Forbes at the Murray's party, which was always the greatest event of the winter, and found that his most ardent persuasions could not induce her to enter the wicked mazes of a waltz, his masculine vanity was piqued—and there is but a step between pique and the tender passion. Indeed, it is the subtle poison in which Cupid dips his most deadly arrows.

The next Sunday night found Mr. Howard Benson in a pew of Knox Church, instead of in attendance at Trinity, and the close of the service found him waiting at an anxious escort for the daughter of "the Manse," who took his attentions sedately and wondered if her father would object if she "asked him in." Benson had the courage of his condition, however, and, rushing in where divinity students had sometimes feared to tread, followed the fair Janet without invitation into the hall, where he surveyed, unabashed, the picture of "John Knox Preaching Before Queen Mary." As he was presented to the clerical parent he was fortunate enough to remember that his mother's youngest sister was married to a Presbyterian missionary in the North-West. He mentioned this fact with impressive ease and found that it paved his way to the good-will of the Rayford pastor, although he was somewhat at a loss for adjectives when questioned as to the progress of his uncle's work. His modest demeanor told appreciably in his favor and the Manse custom as to Sunday evening refreshments relaxed so far as to allow a cup of coffee and cocoanut cake to accompany the hard red apples that were carried in on a cold white china plate.

"As you know, Janet," said her father after the young man's departure, "I don't approve of Sunday visitors. But he seems like a nice lad, and is away from home. We must have him in for a friendly evening." So young Benson was asked to tea on Wednesday, and dutifully came and partook of the same and thereafter devoted himself to Janet and the game of halma. It is not supposed to be an exciting pastime, but a looker-on might have seen that there was another game going on, with which the halma board had nothing to do, and in which the moves were being made with quiet swiftness.

Halma and Sunday evening talks did their deadly work on the heart of Howard Benson, who had almost put into words the offer of his somewhat precarious fortunes, when a fate with absolutely no consideration for that variable quantity known as "a young man's fancy" placed Bessie Norman in his path. Bessie had been a school friend of Janet's in Toronto and came down to Rayford for a month's visit with the determination to have a "good time," a determination, by the way, which she always carried out. She was a diminutive young person with exceedingly fair and fluffy locks, and the most innocent blue eyes that ever gazed uncomprehendingly upon a friendly world. Janet had asked Benson to bring his friend, Mr. Marshall, who was classical master in the High school, to call on Miss Norman, and the young pedagogue came most reluctantly, for he considered girls a delusion and a snare not to be compared with a hockey game. From the moment of introduction, Bessie marked the young bank clerk for her own, and, after a few feeble struggles, he resigned himself to be her cavalier, urging Marshall to be "nice to Janet" in the meantime. It would be easy enough to explain it all afterwards, and Bessie Norman was awfully pretty if the other girls did call her a "silly little thing." At the end of her month's visit it was really impossible to bid the fairy-like Bessie an unmoved good-by, while she took the display of his more-than-friendly emotion with assuring calm. The following day, however, Mr. Howard Benson was moved to wrath when he received a letter from a Toronto friend in which occurred these sentences: "I hear Bessie Norman is visiting in Rayford. She's a mighty pretty girl and is engaged to Jack Reynolds of Winnipeg."

Benson's reflections turned with approval to Janet's dignity and decorum, and he determined that within a week she should know fully the extent of his admiration.

"Of course," he said in some confusion when he expounded his sentiments, "I had to be nice to your friend. I've missed our quiet talks so much in the last few weeks, but I knew you would understand."

"Even when you said good-by to Bessie? You see, she told me about it. She thought it was a joke." There was contempt on Janet's young lips and in her brown eyes which her would-be lover could not meet.

"I'm to be her bridesmaid in June," continued Janet with composure, "and perhaps I ought to tell you that I am engaged to Mr. Marshall."

"Marshall!" gasped the disconsolate Benson; "why, he hates girls."

"He did," said Janet with a smile of subtle satisfaction, "but I admire a man of his cold, reserved nature. A man like that has so much more in him than a boy who admires almost any girl."

And when Howard Benson moodily reached his room that night, he viciously removed from the mantel twelve photographs of fair maidens, as he muttered the only monosyllable that seems to express adequately the depths of masculine disgust.

CANADIAN.

## In Lent.

Henry M. Flagler, at a dinner party at Palm Beach, said, apropos of Lent: "A clergyman told me one day in Lent how, the Sunday before, he had preached from the text, 'All flesh is grass.' The next day he met a parishioner of his, a lowly laboring man to whom fasting was anything but congenial. This man said to the clergyman with a smile: 'I much enjoyed, sir, yesterday, yer sermon about all flesh bein' grass, and I wish to know whether, in this Lenten season, I couldn't be after havin' a small piece of pork by way of a salad?'"

## Timely Trolleyisms.

If wishes were trailers, every passenger might sit. Better to run after a car than to have a car run after you—and through you. Don't stand on ceremony while waiting for a car—meet it half-way. You will have plenty of time to stand inside. After getting off a car backwards, sit down quickly, and be sure to "count ten" before you speak, or you'll be likely to say something you shouldn't.



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produce the various purely vegetable oils which make  
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BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

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*The Olive Picker, shown in the illustration is to be seen in Southern Europe gathering the Olives the oil of which is used in making Baby's Own Soap.*

THE OLIVE PICKER

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Tailors to Toronto's "400."

When Levy Bros. opened their tailoring establishment in Colborne street, a little over a year ago, they made up their minds to cater for the best trade of the city; and so well have they succeeded in pleasing the most fastidious men of Toronto that they now number among their patrons the most particular dressers among Toronto's "smart set." The confidence of such men is not an easy thing to obtain, and their having it so secure is the best possible evidence of the ability of Messrs. Levy Bros. to turn out garments of the highest excellence. This firm's range of Spring suits for 1905 surpasses anything ever before shown in Toronto, and the manner in which these suits are tailored stamps the firm as being amongst the foremost tailoring experts of Toronto.

A grasp of the main facts, rather than facility of expression, characterizes the following historical contribution from a schoolboy: "Henry the Eighth was brave, corpulent, and cruel; he was frequently married to a widow; had an ulcer on his leg; and great decision of character."

### Simplicity and Saxon Words.

SAXON words and a colloquial style are the literary affectations of the present time. Professors of belles-lettres in the universities, and reviewers in the periodicals, urge the virtue of these sovereign merits. Boys at college and new authors are bidden stick to the simple Saxon tongue and avoid, wherever possible, the imported Latin and Greek derivatives. Courses in Saxon and Early English are given at all the schools, and the young students of letters toil over Beowulf and Caedmon, and distinguish between the Anglo-Saxon, the Semi-Saxon, the Early English and the Middle English dialects as scrupulously as their fathers at college used to pore over Horace and Pindar and note the variations between the Ionic and the Attic forms. The merit of writers now-a-days is measured by the proportion of Saxon in their text, and by the frequency with which they write "won't" and "wasn't," instead of "will not" and "was not." We are chidden for using that sonorous sesquipedalian Latinism in which Sir Thomas Browne and Dr. Samuel Johnson delighted. The modern precept is, strive to put your thoughts into words of one syllable. Moliere's habit of reading his comedies to his housekeeper before trying them on the public is cited as an admirable example. We must write down to our cooks. A sentence which is not clear to the feeblest brain in the community is faulty, according to the current fashion. Instead of prefaces we must write forewords merely to show our preference for the sturdy Saxon.

Nor must there be any stateliness to our style, any polished phrasing, any study or elaboration lest a jury of our masters find us guilty of being unnatural. We are damned if it can be said that the man in the street does not talk exactly as we write. Our language must be flippant, frolicsome, free and easy. Nothing is permitted more formal than the style of Elia's essays or the breakfast talk of the Autocrat.

While not deprecating the virtues of the Saxon speech, or denying that the colloquial style of discourse may be excellent on proper occasions, there is much to be said in advocacy of Latin and Greek roots, and also of what may be called literary English to distinguish it from colloquial English. In the first place, it is nonsense to speak of Saxon words as if they were the only real English, and condemn the treasures taken from Rome and Athens. English would be a poor and barbarous tongue but for our borrowings. The Saxon was the speech of the kitchen and the farm, but the Norman brought to us the language of philosophy, of poetry, of chivalry, of high thinking. English is a firm composite of the Latin and the Saxon. It is neither Latin nor Saxon, but a cross-bred, partaking of the merits of both parents. Many of the beauties of our English speech originate in this crossing of the stems. The Latin words, however, have an equal footing in the language with the Saxon words. It is silly, therefore, to affect a preference for the Saxon words; just as silly as it would be to

prefer Latin words. Either affectation is vicious and tends to destroy the variety and expressiveness of the language.

Equally vicious is the striving for extreme simplicity: the writing down to the cook. Such striving enfeebles literature, for it keeps a writer's thoughts on the ground and stifles much pleasant fancy, much reflection, much wit and philosophy that would be a cavari to the general. As a matter of fact, very few of our foremost writers were intelligible to their housekeepers. What cook, unless she happens to be a culinary prodigy, is capable of comprehending Shakespeare, Milton, Shelley, Browning, Gibbon, Newman, Huxley, Pater and Matthew Arnold? Nor is it just to require all writers to be colloquial. The colloquial has its place and its uses, but in English, as in every other language, there is a classical or literary mode of speech, and also a colloquial or everyday mode. The difference between these two modes in the European tongues is not quite so wide, perhaps, as in Chinese, which has, it is said, a special dialect for literature; but everywhere there is a difference. The Romans did not speak in common conversation as Cicero did in his orations, nor is the language of Edmund Burke the vernacular of the English people. Shall we throw away Chesterfield's letters because they are not done in our modern scrappy careless fashion? Must the *Vicar of Wakefield* be banished because good Dr. Primrose was a formal person not at all like our modern muscularly Christian parsons? Who ever talked as Laurence Sterne wrote? Because we are slangy, awkward, abrupt and inaccurate in our daily speech must we affect those qualities in the letters we indite to our friends and in our books?

Instead of forcing literature to stoop to the level of conversation, our work should be to raise conversation to the level of literature. The colloquial is "natural," not because it is finer or preferable to the style of Burke and Goldsmith, but because, unhappily, we are not able to talk any better impromptu. It is natural for men to keep their feet on the earth, but if some superlative has the power of soaring like a seraph why should our pedestrian souls drag him down on the theory that soaring is unnatural? Unnatural, perhaps, to us, but not to his more rare spirit.

### How it Happened.

An English lawyer was cross-examining the plaintiff in a breach-of-promise case. "Was the defendant's air, when he promised to marry you, perfectly serious or one of jocularity?" he inquired. "If you please, sir," was the reply, "it was all right with 'im a-run-nin' 'is 'ands through it.'" "You misapprehend my meaning," said the lawyer. "Was the promise made in utter sincerity?" "No, sir, no place like it. It was made in the wash-house an' me a-wringin' the clothes," replied the plaintiff.

No man ought ever to write a love-letter without thinking constantly how it will sound when it is read out loud in court.

## Correspondence Column

The above Coupon must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, acrostics or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column inquiries unless accompanied by Coupons are not studied.

IGNORAMUS.—Of course they should. How else can the hostess know for how many she is to cater at the breakfast? "Miss Ignoramus accepts (or regrets that she is unable to accept) the invitation of Mr. and Mrs. — to be present at the marriage of Miss — and Mr. — on April 1, in All Fools' Church, at —." That's the proper form, barring the date—this is All Fools' day I am writing upon.

TWENTY-EIGHT, SARNIA.—I have just opened your letter of December 14. If another came without a coupon it was tossed into the W.P.B. September 28 brings you under Libra, a double air sign which rules September 21 to October 22. Libra, the Scales, is apt to develop an uncertain temperament, up one hour and down the next. Libra people are great planners, original, and daring in conception. The strict rules of convention irk them and the type of person burdened by proprieties exasperates. This is the writing of a frank, truthful, honest person, good-tempered, somewhat acquisitive, affectionate and loyal. The nature is cheerful and on the whole philosophical, the purpose decided, and the force fairly good. I find sentiment, fair judgment and good sequence of ideas in your lines. Thanks for kind message.

EDYTHE, INGERSOLL.—I do not tell fortunes, neither do I send private answers to correspondents. Sorry you misunderstood the nature of this column and wasted a stamp.

A NURSE.—My dear, your letter, coming when I was dead weary, affected me more than you have any idea of. Not that I deprecate your attitude. It is sane and dignified. Alay you and in the "next room" peace and the satisfying of anything which has been asked in vain here. July 27, just under the noblest of them all, Leo, the heart of the grand man, as Aries is the brain. When one sees the strong, aspiring, conquering lines of your study it seems impossible to accept that inevitable assurance of speedy dissolution. It is not hard to change the failing material form for a new one. Therefore be undisturbed by anything that must be. I stretch out my hand to you, Leo, in some vague hope that my touch and clasp of friendship may help. In that other room we shall keep rendezvous, some fair day, who may say how soon? My love to you.

"OTTAWA."—June 28 brings you under the undisturbed influence of Cancer, a water sign, ruling from June 21 to July 21. You have great impulse and nervous force, and regard appearances with much consideration. The swing and energy of your nature is opposed to the usual devious and deliberate Cancer method. You have some concentration, good temper, decision, a generally trustful and unsuspicious nature, good method, probably successful in business, though I'm not quite sure of that. There is a wilful, original and independent touch also, with taste and some refinement, and susceptibility to gentle and artistic influence. You wrote again as "G. B. C."

IDLENESS.—I don't believe the new Government would have it. It is an honest, generous, tactless and somewhat crude study. Sequence of ideas is fair, discretion also, and experience lacking.

A TORONTO.—Your second letter just opened. The first was answered some time ago. I am satisfied with the upheaval.

PAULINE.—Just in time to wish you a happy birthday, as April 9 is your anniversary. The study is yet, however, in some details, quite crude. It is excellently honest and practical with courage, generosity, adaptability, even temperament and rather a love of power shown. The wavering decision and achievement are probably due to youth and its indecision.

ANBY.—Oh, Anna Eva Fay be hanged! I never think of her at all. July 2 is governed by Cancer, a Water sign, the paradox of the twelve. Its children do the most erratic and unexplainable things, and one never can count upon their constancy in effort or conviction. They are sometimes great and always puzzling. Your writing isn't mature enough for delineation, though it has some valuable traits, in embryo.

AU REVOIR.—How tiresome of you to be wasting your kisses on my door-mat (And I haven't any door-mat). Yours is a character full of wayward thought and what seems at times purposeless impulse, but I incline to think you generally know where you're at. You have great facility and breadth of expression, very little tact or intuition, some loyal affection, and a proper care for detail. When you are most careless, apparently, you are really perhaps, vigilant. I have had a sort of feeling of familiarity with your writing since I began this study, and on looking back among the "has-beens" I remember you were the poet of "Heiceter." That was not a bad Linch-erick. The dominant touch is the most noticeable one in your study. Power and the love of it are strong, and not decorated by any of the finer touches of tact and sympathy. The practical outlook is yours, and a quaint suggestion of humor not always considerate or altruistic. By all means write that long letter you threaten. It will be quite surely interesting and welcome.

HOPE.—It is never too late for good wishes, my lady. Your writing is very descriptive and full of interest, in fact if your nature justifies it I am sorry I have only a pen and ink acquaintance with it. There is great grasp and much ideality, a mind open to all noble and generous suggestions, imagination, and

fine principles, bright perception, and, though the judgment is not mature, it is kind and broad. Ambition, power, discretion, rather a conservative tone, and great materialism are in your writing. All you lack is the touch of the tongue of fire. It is like a great and grand mansion in the dark only waiting until the button is pressed to reveal its rich treasures and noble proportions. Look up, think up, long upwards, don't go through life like a browsing bovine when you are a queen.

BUSTER BROWN.—Welcome to the dissecting table, my good debutant, and may you never regret it. Your writing is careful and shrewd, long-headed and, while blessed with some ambition, is reasonable and, so far as an immature mind can be, philosophical. A good deal of sentiment, and a little more, it suggested and a mind given to thought and analysis. If the writer be mature his study is not. It has a certain buoyancy of tone very attractive, but not of value in the real business of life.

CLARISE.—Fancy anyone thinking Brantford, or any other Canadian city, "the only place on earth." For your contented spirit thousands would give their forties. But though I don't approve of narrowing one's earth within city limits, I liked Brantford immensely every time I visited it. I had a wonderful "dinner" that came true, in that city. About your life-work, you would probably succeed in the profession you mention. It takes more than ability—all the best qualities in woman. Your writing is ordinary, and not very mature. February 9 brings you under Aquarius, and one of the gifts of that sign is healing. You have a level head, cheerful nature and tenacious mind.

PATRIOT.—Another Brantford enthusiast! and so absolutely abfuscated as to call the telephone an "inestimable boon to humanity." Well, even Brantfordites should realize the woes of humanity better than that. Since I began to write this page I've been rung up five times. Inestimable boon, indeed! This is a pleasant sympathetic ingratiating and very clear-minded young woman, hopeful, contented, and discreet. November 18 brings you under Scorpio a water sign, the great sea serpent, with a sting in his tail.

### South Africa in 1905.

IT is remarkable, but at the same time only to be expected, that while three years ago the English newspapers teemed with long letters from South Africa, to-day the newspaper-reading constituencies in England are satisfied with the briefest of cablegrams from Cape Town, Durban, Maritzburg, Johannesburg, Pretoria, and Bloemfontein. Most of these cablegrams concern the mines. From Durban there are cablegrams reporting the number of Chinese coolies arrived en route for the Rand, just as there are daily reports to the Cotton Exchange in Liverpool of the number of bales of cotton en route for Lancashire. Yet much that is interesting—much that is making history—is going forward in other of the South African colonies besides the Transvaal. In Cape Town the second session of the Parliament elected in 1903 is now in progress, and Dr. Jameson, as the successor to Sir Gordon Sprigg in the Premiership of Cape Colony, is making a much better record as a constructive statesman than might have been expected in view of his part in the historic raid of 1896. In 1904 Dr. Jameson carried several Acts of Parliament making retrenchments in expenditures and adding to the Government revenues. In spite of the traditional Boer hostility to excise duties on Cape-made brandies and wines, Dr. Jameson carried an excise act; also a measure putting an end to the political injustice from which the coast cities had long suffered under the old system of parliamentary representation. This session the Government is busy with equally important measures. One of these is aimed at the excessive freight rates and the rebate system of the South African shipping ring. By another bill the diamond industry at Kimberley is to be made to contribute largely to the colonial revenue, and by still another measure much-needed reforms are to be effected in the Public school system. Retrenchment, as in 1904, is still the order, for times are bad in Cape Colony; and instead of immigrants being welcomed in tens of thousands, as Mr. Chamberlain predicted they would be all over South Africa when the war was over and everybody in the Transvaal had votes, Government warnings are now published at every post-office in Great Britain cautioning emigrants to go anywhere under the sun rather than to South Africa.

### Quiet.

Helen was a restless child, and her mother frequently besought her to be quiet. One Sunday, when she returned from church, her mother inquired what the sermon was about. "Oh," said Helen, "all about Jesus and His soldiers on the sea, and He told them to please be still."

### Shakesperian.

Father, in the hall, has been standing for half an hour while Millicent and Harold bid each other good-night in the doorway.

"Parting," quotes Harold, "is such sweet sorrow that I could say good-night till!"

At this speech father gets a Shakesperian inspiration of his own and tramps down the stairs.

"Seems to me," he asserts, "that there is, too much adieu about nothing here."

Some years ago Joseph Choate was associated in a big case with a young Hebrew lawyer. The latter was a little doubtful as to what to charge the client, and Mr. Choate said: "Oh, never mind sending in a bill. I'm going to send in one in a day or two, and I'll just double it, and then send you my own cheque for your half." In the course of the fortnight this cheque arrived, and the lawyer was amazed at its size. He acknowledged it promptly, adding as a postscript: "Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian."



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In wall hangings can be seen by any one who enjoys the artistic. It is worth while to look at our assortment of

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Watch for our new harbor.

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# Windsor Salt

For the table, for cooking, for butter-making. It is pure and will not cake.

## Romances of False Jewels.

WE do not hear of a fiftieth part of the crimes in which false jewels figure, for the easily comprehended reason that the party who has been the jewelry hardly cares to prosecute, and so advertise the fact of his own imposture. Now and again, however, there are circumstances attached to the crime which forbid privacy.

A young fellow named Hempell was placed in the dock at the Central Criminal Court in London some years back charged with a peculiarly atrocious murder of an old lady—a relation of his. A mass of circumstantial evidence brought the crime home to him; but why he should have committed such an awful deed—he had hitherto had an excellent character—none could imagine.

Hempell was clearly mad when called on to plead, and was ordered to be detained in a criminal lunatic asylum. In his ravings he afforded a clue to the temptation which led him to dye his hands in blood. It was a big brooch, his aunt had possessed, with a huge emerald in it. The prisoner had made inquiries as to how much such an emerald would be worth, and had been told that one of the size he described would, at least, fetch seven hundred pounds. Having murdered the old lady, he stole the brooch, extracted the stone, and placed it before a dealer.

The dealer offered him twenty-two shillings for it, explaining that "the stone" was really a very fair imitation. Remorse and disappointment drove the wretched man insane. His cell in the asylum rang with his cries of "The emerald! The emerald!" and with fits of awful laughter like that into which the gem-merchant declared he broke when he was informed the stone was false.

A somewhat similar fate some years ago overtook a London gem-dealer. No jewel in Europe had acquired a greater celebrity than the magnificent opal of the Empress Josephine of France. In the words of one who saw it, "its flashing beams of light were so wonderful that it seemed to actually dart out flames of living fire." The admiring courtiers gave it the name of *L'Incendie de Troie*. The flames of Troy. Jewelers have preserved particulars of this wonderful jewel. The base of it was opaque, but the superior portion was perfectly transparent, and through it came reflected wondrous fiery gleams that thrilled all who saw them. *L'Incendie de Troie* disappeared, and no one knows what became of it. About 1880 an unfortunate London gem-dealer was visited by a mysterious Frenchman, who vaguely hinted at his possession of a marvelous opal. He would not give particulars of how he came by it. He showed it to the dealer. There could be no opal like it save the marvelous *L'Incendie de Troie*, and the dealer bought it.

His efforts to dispose of the opal, however, gave rise to rumors. One day he received a communication from a Continental royal personage, to whom he had confided the fact of his having a wonderful opal in his possession, requesting him to bring it and submit it to his inspection. The jeweler set off joyfully, and very soon found himself in the hands of the Austrian police. Had he got the opal *L'Incendie de Troie*? If so, how did he become possessed of it? Upon examination the opal was found to be an imitation. The unfortunate jeweler returned to England in charge of two attendants. He had gone mad.

This case is the more remarkable, as the opal is a gem that modern "gem-fakers" have found the greatest difficulty in imitating. It was in old times one of the stones the false-jewel merchant used chiefly to patronize, but late workers appear to have lost the art of successfully fabricating it.

One of the greatest experts in precious stones, Mr. Streeter, tells the story of a famous sapphire and diamond suite, forming part of the family jewels of a lady, which he had placed before him. The jewels had been in the family for very many years, and upon the various possessors dying, probate duty had been paid upon them over and over again. They had also been valued by one of the most distinguished jewelers of the day. The old lady having bequeathed them to a relation, the legatee wished Mr. Streeter to pronounce as to their value, which was "certainly something between thirty and forty thousand pounds." The suite would have been worth that certainly if only the sapphires had not proved to be merely paste!

An incident like that renders it the more easy to comprehend how "Bumper" Smith, the great jewel thief, made one of the great mistakes in his career. That celebrated criminal was one of the chief terrors of the guardians of jewel treasures till his nefarious activity was checked by a sentence of twenty years' imprisonment in Sing Sing penal establishment. The wonderful display of jewels upon a world-famed opera singer had attracted Smith's notice, and he probably also digested the accounts he read in the newspapers of the enormous value of the trinkets, many of which had been bestowed upon the lady by European royal personages. Smith set his wits to work to make the precious possessions his own. The lady, on leaving the opera house, did so accompanied by her maid carrying her jewel-case, and proceeded home in her own carriage. One night the lady, having as usual electrified the ears and eyes of her audience by her marvelous voice and flashing gems, left the opera house, being conducted to the two-horsed carriage waiting for her by the manager. The attendant respectfully closed the carriage door, the coachman flicked his prancing chestnuts, and the diva sped away.

Nearly half an hour later another carriage arrived at the opera house door for the great songstress. It was as like the first as one pea is to another, and was, in fact, the lady's real carriage—the coachman having been delayed by a false message purporting to have been sent by his mistress. Several hours later the opera singer and her maid were found seated in a mysterious carriage in an out-of-the-way corner of a remote suburb. They were struggling back to consciousness, having been rendered insensible by chloroform fumes pumped into the carriage through a cleverly constructed arrangement of tubes, the invention of "Bumper" Smith. The jewel case had gone, and the coachman and the other attendant had, of course, disappeared. Two magnificent horses and the strange coach remained in the hands of the police. "Bumper" Smith afterwards explained that, as he reckoned the jewels would be worth at least seventy or eighty thousand pounds, he did not consider the horses and coach, which cost eleven hundred pounds, worth bothering about. But the jewels were all false! The great songstress had wisely had a replica made of each treasure bestowed on her, and while converting the real article into cash, had made as brave a show as if she still possessed it. The blow to "Bumper" Smith and his associates when the deception was discovered must have been terrible.



NAPOLÉON AT ST. HELENA.

From an old Japanese print published in Mr. Douglas Sladen's interesting book, *More Queer Things About Japan*. It will be seen that Napoleon is in chains surrounded by British soldiers in armor jeering at him. The picture is interesting as giving an idea of what was the Japanese idea of Great Britain and matters European some thirty years ago.



in fact, the lady's real carriage—the coachman having been delayed by a false message purporting to have been sent by his mistress. Several hours later the opera singer and her maid were found seated in a mysterious carriage in an out-of-the-way corner of a remote suburb. They were struggling back to consciousness, having been rendered insensible by chloroform fumes pumped into the carriage through a cleverly constructed arrangement of tubes, the invention of "Bumper" Smith. The jewel case had gone, and the coachman and the other attendant had, of course, disappeared. Two magnificent horses and the strange coach remained in the hands of the police. "Bumper" Smith afterwards explained that, as he reckoned the jewels would be worth at least seventy or eighty thousand pounds, he did not consider the horses and coach, which cost eleven hundred pounds, worth bothering about. But the jewels were all false! The great songstress had wisely had a replica made of each treasure bestowed on her, and while converting the real article into cash, had made as brave a show as if she still possessed it. The blow to "Bumper" Smith and his associates when the deception was discovered must have been terrible.

Thieves have made use of false gems over and over again for the purpose of fraud. "The Empress Eugénie's jewels" have been hawked from one end of Europe to the other, to the victimizing of credulous people. At the time of the fall of the Empire, in 1870, an extraordinary story was spread. The surrender of Napoleon to the Germans awoke Paris to frenzy. In spite of all the efforts of the Emperor's friends, the mob proceeded to the Tuileries, and rushing the defences, burst into the Palace. The Empress had escaped, however, a few minutes before in a hansom cab, and had passed, disguised and unrecognized, through her howling enemies, to find shelter in England. But what had become of the magnificent collection of jewels which she had possessed? The story spread that they were lost or stolen in the flight. Here was a magnificent opportunity for the jewel-fraud operator. The man who knows where the Empress's jewels are buried has been busy ever since, and the "treasure," or special articles from it, has been sold over and over again.

Only a few months ago an enterprising Amosson became master of the spoils of the spoil. The jewels—mostly rubies and emeralds, the Empress's favorite stones—had been, he was informed, in the hurry of her flight, hidden down a well. The secret was confided to the American gentleman's informant by an old officer in the French army on his death-bed. The American decided that it was worth investigating anyway. The well was found, and there sure enough was a piece of rusty, weed-concealed wire, which, when pulled up, brought to light a small tin box. When opened the box was found to contain some magnificent-looking jewels. In the end the decayed French nobleman who revealed the secret of the jewels became the possessor of some thousands of francs, and the American found himself hardly the proud owner of a treasure subsequently valued at something under twenty dollars.

For the benefit of readers who may be tempted by plausible and impetuous noble French "exiles" to speculate in the lost jewels of the Empress Eugénie, I may say that none were lost.

A gentleman in the West End—a lover of gems—was called on one day by a stranger with a peculiarly fine diamond, for which he demanded twelve hundred pounds. The gentleman agreed to purchase subject to valuation by an expert. "Nothing would suit me better," replied his visitor. "Do you know Mr. —?" He mentioned one of the best judges in London.

The would-be purchaser declared that he did not know the expert, but he would be quite satisfied with his opinion, and the two set off in a hansom cab to the dealer's business premises. Arrived there, the diamond owner, leaving his companion for an instant, pushed open the swing-door of the dealer's office and walked in. He reappeared in an instant.

"The clerk says he is in his private office upstairs," he remarked. And the two mounted the stairs. On the first floor was a door on which was apparently painted the celebrated dealer's name. A voice, in reply to their knock, bade them enter, and they found themselves in a clerk's office, and found the youth, who took their names in to his master in the next room. For a moment or two they waited. The dealer was apparently holding a conversation with someone in the office below by means of a speaking-tube. Then he attended to them.

The diamond was, he declared, quite worth the money demanded. It would be a good bargain at the price. The gentleman paid the cash in Bank of England notes. It was not till some months afterwards that he proved the diamond was a false one. Upon his appealing to the eminent dealer he discovered that the expert had not the slightest knowledge of the transaction. The thieves had taken the rooms upstairs,

furnished them, and one of the gang had acted the dealer's part in the twindle. The name upon the office-door was, it was discovered, fixed on with white paper, which could, of course, be pasted on in a few moments. To have painted it would have occupied time, and the name on the door might have aroused inquiry in the building, and so led to the plot being frustrated. The thieves had ample time to escape, and they availed themselves of it.

Artificial gem making is a big business nowadays in many Continental cities, specially in Paris. Over a thousand hands have been for years continually employed in the manufacture in the establishments at Septmoncel in the Jura. If the gems turned out were only real, the world would be richer by millions of pounds' worth of precious stones each year. Lest anyone may imagine that the manufacture and the wearing of false gems is a sign of modern decadence, let me say that we have samples of false diamonds, emeralds, and pearls manufactured long before the birth of Christ.—*Answers.*

## The Irresolute Bachelor.

THE bachelors are a curious and inconsistent race. For a certain space of time they tread the broad and primrose path of single life, carefully skirting the straight and narrow lane that leads to matrimony. They inveigh against the institution of marriage; they scorn to be caught by feminine wiles and commiserate the unhappy ones who are lead captive along the beribboned aisle to the fatal altar. They defend their selfish course with the weapons furnished by satire and irony, and will even seek to bolster their doubtful defense with instances of great men who went down celibate to the grave or who marred the promise of brilliant bachelorhood with an untimely marriage.

But after a while all this changes. They suddenly realize the truth of Genesis where it is written, "It is not good for man to be alone." They are shaken in their anti-social resolutions. The primrose path knows them no longer. Their hatred of the whole race of womankind is converted into love for one woman. The scent of orange blossoms comes into their lives and bewitches them.

So it has always been, with a few exceptions, not only in life but in literature as well. The novelists, the greatest matchmakers in all the world, have systematically frowned on the estate of bachelorhood. You might count on the fingers of one hand the interesting characters in fiction who persist in celibacy. There are plenty of villains to be sure, who refuse to marry, but a really amiable bachelor is a rare bird in a novelist's collection. The poets are notorious lovers.

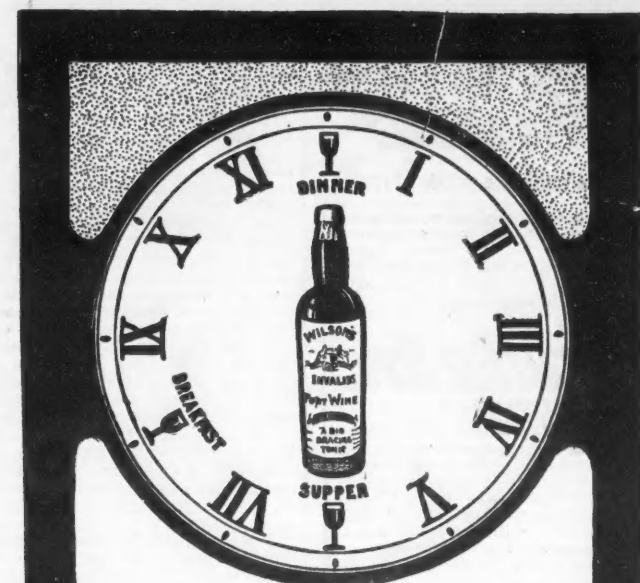
We have yet to hear of a great poem dedicated to the praises of bachelorhood. And the dramatists turn naturally to marriage for the solution of all the difficulties of their plots. When we speak of dramatists, Shakespeare immediately confronts us with a batch of bachelor creations, and seems to disturb our theory. What about *Benedick* and *Biron* and *Mercutio* and *Falstaff*? Here were men who professed the creed of single blessedness. Has not Shakespeare committed this gallant band to the principles of race suicide? If we examine into the matter we will find that none of his bachelors was hopelessly condemned to the unmarried state. Most of them finally overcame their aversion to what Anthony Hope would call "double harness."

First of all there is that redoubtable bachelor, *Biron*, in *Love's Labor Lost*. Like all others of the species, he pretends to a most intense hatred of women. He will have none of them. He calls himself "love's whip" and asks us

"When shall you hear that I will praise a hand, a foot, a face, an eye, A gait, a state, a brow, a breast, a waist, A leg, a limb?"

When, forsooth! Just as soon as black-haired Rosaline appears on the scene. He shouts her praises in the most extravagant language, and though he had lately demanded in scorn, "When shall you see me write a thing in rhyme?" he now matches his mistress' name to the most execrable of rhymes. *Biron* protested too much and succumbed most ingloriously.

*Benedick* is a bachelor of the same stamp. He declared that if he ever fell in love they might pick out his eyes with a ballad-maker's pen. That was before he was victimized by the charms of *Beatrice*. When that happy event took place he sloughed the



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worn-out skin of bachelorhood without the least compunction. He took to writing verses and even vindicated himself in prose. "Doth not the appetite alter? A man loves the meat in his youth that he cannot endure in his age. The world must be peopled. When I said I would die a bachelor I did not think I should live till I were married." That argument is about as valid as any a man could cite for committing matrimony.

*Mercutio* scorns the man who lets himself be stabbed with a white witch's black eyes or shot through the ear with a love song, but he was cut down in the flower of his youth before his sincerity could be tested. When we come to *Falstaff* we find a more confirmed bachelor. There is no denying that the fat knight died a celibate. It must be remembered, however, that in all things except the pursuit of a cup of sack, *Sir John* moved very slowly. It is more than probable that he died a bachelor, to use *Benedick's* words, because he did not live to be a married man. *Falstaff* was a soldier, and we have *Bardolph's* word for it that a soldier is better accommodated than with a wife, but there is not the slightest doubt that the old roysterer really promised to marry *Dame Quickly*. The good hostess details the circumstances that surrounded the momentous occasion with the minuteness of true love: "Thou didst swear to me upon a parcel-gilt goblet, sitting in my Dolphin chamber, at the round table, by a sea-coal fire, upon Wednesday in Whitsun-week, when the prince broke thy head for liking his father to a singing man of Windsor; thou didst swear to me then, as I was washing thy wound, to marry me. Canst thou deny it?" *Falstaff* could not and did not try to. In fact, he made the promise twice. It is true that on the first occasion of plighting his troth he borrowed thirty shillings of her, and the second time induced her to pawn her plate to raise ten pounds for him, but love always exacts little pledges of affection. *Falstaff* confessed that he had more flesh, and therefore, more frailty, than other men; who can say but that, if he had been spared long enough to effect that wondrous reformation of which he often spoke, this marriage would have been part of it?

None of these, therefore, can be listed as an incorrigible celibate. Looking over the field of fiction, we do, indeed, find one knight and sincere bachelor. The great knight of La Mancha resolutely refused to surrender his ideal of womanly perfection for an earthly bride. *Don Quixote* then, stands alone, the pink of bachelorhood. Remember, though, that the worthy knight errant was crazy.

EDWARD F. O'DAY.

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### Anecdotal

George Meredith, the author, whose novels deal with English social life lives simply. Some time ago he finished building a home for himself, which is described as being charming, but somewhat small. While the completion of his little home was going on, a young woman visited the author, and presented a letter of introduction. Meredith, with some pride, took the young woman through the building; but with an expression of disappointment she remarked: "In your books you describe huge castles and spacious baronial halls; but when you come to build, you put up a little bit of a house like this. Why is it?" "Well," replied Meredith, "it is because words are cheaper than stones."

"One of my boys," said a teacher, "had skipped his classes, deceived his mother, been found out, and caused much unhappiness all round. I took him aside and we had a heart-to-heart talk. Johnny sat still, looking at me intently, and seeming to be deeply impressed. I thought I was making great headway, and that my little sermon was surely penetrating Johnny's brain. I never saw a child who seemed so absorbed, even fascinated, by my line of argument. But you can never tell. Just as I had reached the climax in my appeal to his better self a light of discovery broke over Johnny. 'Say, teacher,' he said eagerly, 'it's your lower jaw that moves, ain't it?'"

Senator Dewey was explaining to a clergyman the slang term, "to flimflam." "To flimflam," he said, "is to confuse a man's mind to such a degree that he actually consents to, and concurs in, his own cheating. Now permit me to give you an illustration of flimflam. A boy goes to a grocery and asks for a pint of molasses. But the molasses, sir," he says, "is in this pitcher." The grocer draws the molasses in a pint measure pours it into the pitcher, and hands it to the boy. But the boy, looking at the measure, exclaims: "See here, you haven't given me all my molasses. There's some still sticking to the bottom of the measure." "Oh, that's all right, sonny," says the grocer easily. "There was some in the measure before." Thereupon the flimflammed boy goes off content.

The argument recently put forward that there is a decrease in marriages because people now take a more serious view of the holy state than formerly can hardly apply to Janesville, Wisconsin, where this matrimonial announcement was recently published: "Miss Jennie Jones and Bob Henry were married at the Jones mansion last night. The bride is the daughter of our constable, Jones, who offers a fine horse for sale in another column. The groom runs a grocery store in Maine street, and is a good patron of our advertisement columns, and has got a good line of bargains this week. The happy couple left on the ten o'clock train for Milwaukee, to visit the bride's uncle, who is reported to have lots of money and bright disease."

Andrew Carnegie plays golf well, and likes to talk about the game. Of one of his friends, a golf tyro, he said: "Blank went to play one day, and, disliking the rather forward manner of his caddy, discharged the lad and took another in his place. The discharged caddy, instead of retiring in a seemly manner to the clubhouse, hovered about Blank. He regarded closely the man's rather clumsy methods of play. On his freckled young face a sneer came and went. Blank chose a stick and swung for a long drive. But he missed the ball. The discharged caddy gave a loud laugh. Blank frowned at the boy and swung again—a mighty swing—but again he missed. There came from the caddy another loud, harsh laugh. A third time Blank swung, and a third time only turf and dust rose into the air."

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air. "Hi, mister," yelled the caddy deservingly, "if you'll take me back I'll carry your clubs for the fun of the thing."

A distinguished Southern statesman tarried long with convivial friends a few afternoons ago. When it came time for him to go to dinner he was somewhat unsteady, but very dignified. He saw as soon as he sat down at his table in the hotel dining-room that it would be necessary for him to do something to divert his wife's suspicion, and he seized on the appearance of another and equally distinguished Southern statesman, who had been with him all the afternoon, as a topic of conversation. "Isn't it a shame," he said, as the other statesman made his way to his seat at the next table—"isn't it a shame that the judge drinks? I am very sorry to see it. It pains me much." His wife remarked: "Is it possible that the judge has been drinking?" "My dear," said the statesman, summoning all his will-power and drawing himself up in his chair, "is it possible that you can not tell when a man has been drinking?"

"John S. Sargent, when he was last in America," said the art editor of a New York magazine, "visited one day the gallery of a certain millionaire. This millionaire's gallery was large. It included, perhaps, a thousand pictures. But the pictures had not been collected with discretion. Many of them were bogus, and those that were genuine were not, at best, worth much. In silence Mr. Sargent walked through the gallery. Now he paused before this painting, now before that. But he said nothing. Not a word. The millionaire, alarmed at this silence, became very voluble over his pictures. He pointed out their merits in the eloquent tone of an art catalogue, and each of his sentences had an interrogative inflection—at the end of each he paused, waiting for Mr. Sargent to agree. But the great painter continued silent. Finally, in despair, the millionaire said: 'At least, you will agree that my collection is a tolerable one, won't you?' 'Tolerable?' Yes, Mr. Sargent answered. And he added, with a faint smile: 'But what would you think of a tolerable egg?'"

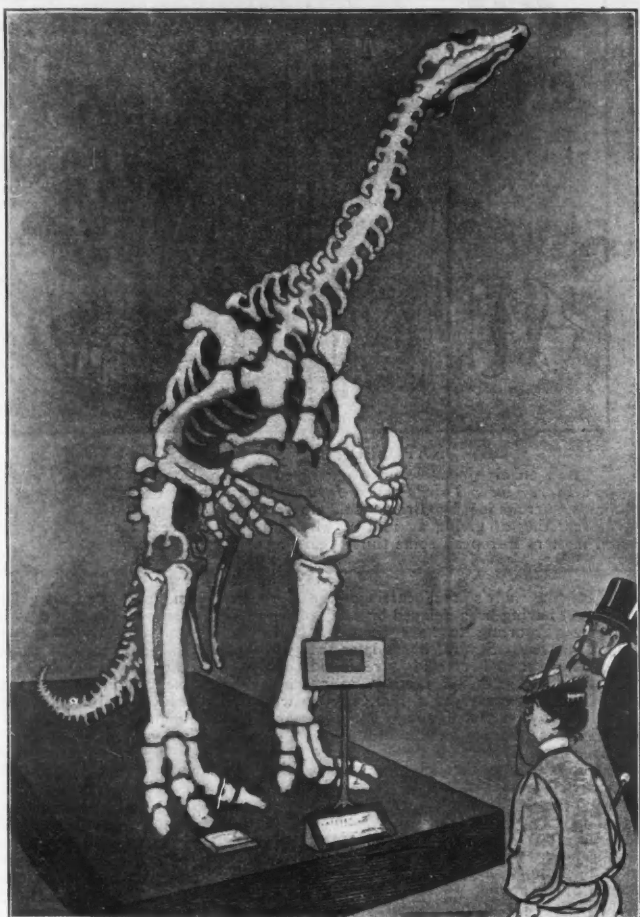
George T. Brokaw, the noted golfer, was describing a village that was behind the times. "To show you," he said, "how far behind the times this village is, I'll tell you what happened to me in it. I was scheduled to play a match game of golf in a certain town, and the train in which I was riding to this town broke down. It was a bad break. The conductor told me that on account of it we should be four hours late. To be four hours late was for me an impossibility. My game, by that time, would be over. So I hired a horse and carriage, and set out for the town by a short cut that would, everyone assured me, bring me in good time to the club I was to play at. Well, the short cut took me through the village we were speaking of. It was a sleepy, quiet village. On the sun-drenched main street a few chickens pecked. In front of the general store a man sat in his shirt-sleeves, tilted back in his chair, whittling a stick. This man looked at me. Then he rose and came toward me. I stopped my horse. 'Friend,' he said, taking hold of my bag of golf sticks, 'these is nice.' And he fingered first one stick and then another. 'Heads a little fancy, a little too fur out of the common, maybe. But, take 'em all around, they're nice. What could you let me have this here one for?' 'They are not for sale,' I answered shortly. He looked at me in surprise. 'Why, ain't you peddlin' walkin' sticks?' he said."

### The Earl of Selborne.

"He has not hitherto been wanting (and I trust never will be) in pluck and resolution to do his duty according to his lights." Thus, in a private letter, wrote Lord Chancellor Selborne of his son, the late First Lord of the Admiralty who has now been appointed to succeed Lord Milner as High Commissioner for South Africa. The words were written twenty years ago at the outset of Lord Selborne's political career, and the intervening years have more than justified them. For none will deny to the new High Commissioner the two qualities of high judgment and quiet determination which have gone to make his tenure of office at the Admiralty an historic one in Navy annals, and to secure for him an enduring place in the good opinion of his countrymen.

Lord Selborne is one of that group of young men, more or less contemporaries, who were chosen by fortune and trained by the accident of family to embrace the profession of politics as soon as they left the university. Others of the band, who, fifteen years ago, were indistinctly connected in men's minds were Lord Curzon and Mr. Wyndham. All have "arrived" and properly so, for the practice of a serious training for a politician is a sound one, and only needs the stimulus of success to be more extensively followed.

His earliest steps in public life were guided by the Lord Chancellor himself, to whom he acted as private secretary, until in 1882 he went in a similar capacity to assist Mr. Childers at the War Office and subsequently at the Exchequer. During this period he married Lord Salisbury's eldest daughter ("the choice which, if it had been ours to choose for him, we should have most desired," wrote the First Lord Selborne), and was returned in the same year as Liberal member for Hampshire. His most prominent vote in this Parliament was one given in favor of the Jesse Collings' amendment to the address in January, 1886, which turned out Lord Salisbury's Government at a somewhat critical time—an operation about whose wisdom the Liberal opinion of the country was not unanimous; but since that date the number of votes cast by our First Lord against a Tory Administration have been few indeed. For at the time of the Home Rule upheaval he was one of those who boldly severed connection with Mr. Gladstone and threw in their lot with the Unionist party, and since then no man has worked harder than he for his cause, or with more progressive success both in Parliament and on the platform. Lord Selborne is an excellent public



AT THE NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM.  
The Woman—Oh, what a dreadful creature!  
The Man (with infinite relief)—Can you see it, too?—The Tailor.

### Mr. Winston Churchill.

EXCELLENT it would be if public men could be induced to give us their judgment of their own characters—that is to say, if they revealed themselves with entire candor. We should get perhaps a certain magnification of the subject, not necessarily to be attributed altogether to vanity, but rather to that "personal equation" which is due to the man's point of view and special experiences. Even the exaggeration might teach us much, for we might note the qualities that were deemed admirable, and the full-length portrait that would represent the man as he desired to be.

The result would be a much truer picture than that we obtain in the medley of chance glimpses and warped impressions given to us in vague general report. But next to these impossible self-revelations, which demand a certain detachment from the world, the most valuable light that can be thrown upon a man is discovered when he speaks from behind a mask, and for that reason speaks sincerely.

Such were the thoughts that impinged on my imagination when I cut the leaves of Mr. Winston Churchill's first work of fiction. Knowing him as I did, I had formed a tolerably distinct picture of his personality, and I had taken up the delightful novel not in the attitude of expectancy of any literary revelation, but rather as a philosopher may re-read the works even of the masters; Dickens, for instance, not to weep for Little Em'ly, but to know Dickens himself better; Thackeray, not for his Becky, but for Thackeray.

And in this aspect I do not think that I was disappointed in *Savrola*, a readable book, full of interest, lacking possibly a little in that most subtle and deep of all literary qualities, the sense of atmosphere, in which the characters gain more reality of life by being absorbed and abstracted beyond the touch of our actual day and of the too personal comment of the author himself.

One phrase which Macaulay applied to his own special hero, Mr. Winston Churchill applies to his, and repeats it like an echo: "Vehement, high, and daring." And despite the clashing of these epithets with the topical descriptions of a man so much immersed in the strife of party politics, I venture to think that herein we strike the keynote of the inner essential character: "Vehement, high, and daring," that is also Mr. Winston Churchill.

After an absence of some months I saw him again the other day at the House of Commons. The long holiday had evidently been for him no season of rest; he was less robust than I would have liked to behold him, the fine figure of the soldier already impressed almost definitely it seemed, with the scholar's stoop, the expression indicating care and pre-occupation, not precisely that "deep on his front engraven Deliberation sat and public care; And princely counsel in his face yet shone."

but rather the marks were there of one bending his energies to the unattained heights of great tasks. It is a long way to travel, this journey through the sterile wastes of parliamentary debates and the difficult passes of party intrigue. But under the guise of a good party fighter, let us again look at the essential man, "Vehement, high, and daring" and bear that in mind always.

For already Mr. Winston Churchill has placed behind him a career that would to most seem adequate to fill up the measure of their days. It is almost astonishing to pass it in review. Born in 1874, educated at Harrow and Sandhurst, he entered the army in 1895. Soon we find him in Cuba taking part in the glorious but not unromantic Spanish war, and acquitting himself with distinction; the Malakand Field Force wins for him further laurels; the Nile expedition, the occupation of Khartoum; the South African war, the unique experience of imprisonment and sensational escape; these are the great features that have marked his progress, while scores of minor incidents have distinguished his course.

Mr. Winston Churchill will yet be Prime Minister of England. And England will not find therein her detriment. The rattling campaigns in the country, the witty speeches in the House, barbed with epigram, punctuated with laughter, only lightly conceal the capable man beneath. Mr. Winston Churchill has traveled far, and he has traveled young; and rubbing shoulders with all manner of men in all sorts of places, he has cast off whatever of that *orgue britannique* his early training may have given him. In the best sense he is a man of the world; and that veritable geniality of his disposition is more than a mere surface show; it is a medium of vision and contact; it is a gift of the gods to a statesman. The strong sap of American blood has braced this young Briton and made him a leader of men.

He is entirely of the new generation, and in this I am not thinking of his years, for politicians still younger find it the correct thing to copy stereotyped models. But he is the representative of a new order of things, and his development is in sympathy with the development of the nation. The old shibboleths, the old men, are grown dimmer. The time and the opportunity will soon demand a new breed and a new school, and of these Winston Churchill will be the head. Their modernity will be a finer thing than that which they cast behind; and, like the glorious Kapanan of old, they may boast how much greater than their fathers they are.—L. in London Daily Mail.

First Faber—Why what's the trouble? Second Faber—Why, I worked hard for half a day painting up a sparrow into a red-headed Belgian canary, and I'm blown if the fellow I sold it to didn't give me a bad half-dollar for it.

## "OLD MULL" Scotch

more than fight; he has written his commentaries in goodly tomes, in distinct and excellent literary style. And yet this young man has passed through such a course as a mere preliminary to his life's work, a sort of sowing of his adventurous wild oats before addressing himself to the serious problems of Empire.

Politics claimed him both by his qualities and his defects. Lord Randolph Churchill's son must have sniffed the hustings from afar even as the war-horse scents the battle. He had the enthusiasm, the bright intelligence, the sympathy of his father, and from the side of his gifted mother the keen sense, the elastic fibre, the winning faculty, the qualities that at their best we call American, and for which they have invented the terms appropriate, the ability to "hustle," the determination to "get there."

He contested Oldham in 1899, and won. He won not without a severe struggle, but he won in the style of a man who marches into battle flying the flag of victory.

Since that time his career has been public property. He started his political course, naturally enough, as a Conservative. Now he is the most vehement of the Liberals.

Is this inconsistent? Does it imply that absence of moral scruple that has often been associated with brilliant parts? Does it point to a mind stung and maddened by ambition? No; I think not. A member of one of the great aristocratic families of England, nursed in the traditions of that party, entering politics by virtue of the prestige of his father's name, it would have been strange indeed had he not made his *debut* as a Tory. But the real man was always Liberal, and this was so, not merely by conviction, but rather by temperament. The question of physiological politics will yet be one of profound and delightful study, and had we penetrated it we should see in the clear light of a corollary that Mr. Winston Churchill must inevitably come to the Liberal side. His is the instinct to attack, not to defend; to advance with vigor, not to hedge with prudence; to find the field open to all, and to win by his merits—*La carrière ouverte aux talents*—not to guard inefficiency by outworn privileges. He has crossed the House, and—I say this not in the way of arguing politics in general—he has become a freer and a greater man.

Mr. Winston Churchill will yet be Prime Minister of England. And England will not find therein her detriment. The rattling campaigns in the country, the witty speeches in the House, barbed with epigram, punctuated with laughter, only lightly conceal the capable man beneath. Mr. Winston Churchill has traveled far, and he has traveled young; and rubbing shoulders with all manner of men in all sorts of places, he has cast off whatever of that *orgue britannique* his early training may have given him. In the best sense he is a man of the world; and that veritable geniality of his disposition is more than a mere surface show; it is a medium of vision and contact; it is a gift of the gods to a statesman. The strong sap of American blood has braced this young Briton and made him a leader of men.

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There is some talk in musical circles of reviving the old Music Festival Association, which has shown no signs of life since the festival of 1880 was given under its auspices. The suggestion is made that a second festival on similar lines to that of the first should be undertaken, and that the one thousand dollars, the surplus of the 1880 event, which has been lying idle for nearly twenty years, should be used as the basis of a guarantee fund. My own opinion is that it would be in the interests of Toronto, both musical and otherwise, to hold a grand festival next year. Dr. Torrington would be the proper person to conduct the meetings, and his appointment to the position would be a just recognition of his efforts on the former occasion. In any case, something should be done to promote music with the thousand dollars held by the committee of the Association, and failing a festival, the money should be handed over to Dr. Torrington to devote to some other musical enterprise with a worthy object. If anybody is entitled to the disposition of the money, it is certainly Dr. Torrington, for to him the success of the 1880 festival was owing. Perhaps Dr. Torrington cannot very well take the initiative in this matter himself, and I would suggest that his friends meet and take steps to bring the question before the public.

The news of the death of Mr. J. W. Baumann, the well-known violinist and music teacher, which occurred suddenly at Hamilton on Monday morning, was heard with sincere sorrow and regret by his numerous friends and pupils in various parts of the province. Of a kindly disposition, of an upright character, and with special gifts as an instructor, Mr. Baumann commanded the respect and regard of all who knew him. Mr. Baumann was born in Berlin, Ont., in 1847, and after receiving his education in Canada, went to Germany and studied the violin under Professor Schiever. On his return in the early seventies he devoted his life to teaching and soon commanded a large patronage. He brought out many brilliant solo violinists whom he had taught, among them Miss Nora Clench, Mr. George Fox, and Miss Evelyn de Latre Street. In the early part of his professional career he managed several series of successful concerts, and was manager both for Miss Nora Clench and Mr. George Fox. He possessed excellent musical judgment and refined taste, and was consequently enabled to do valuable service in the cause of good music.

Miss Helen Abbott Watkins, an accomplished piano pupil of Mr. W. O. Forsyth, gave a recital at St. George's Hall on Thursday evening of last week. The audience was large and fashionable, among the patrons being the Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Mortimer Clark. The young artist won a genuine success by her intelligent and brilliant playing of a programme which included such standard compositions as the Beethoven Sonata, Op. 31, No. 3; Chopin's Bruch's Valse, Op. 64, No. 2; and Etude, Op. 25, No. 2; Schumann's Novelllette in C, the Schubert-Liszt Hark! Hark! the Lark!, a Liszt Rhapsody, the Paganini-Schumann Caprice in E, and Moszkowski's La Jongleuse, a selection requiring extended and flexible technique, musical feeling, and catholicity of taste. Miss Watkins, however, delighted the audience by the distinction she revealed in all these points. She had the assistance of Mr. W. G. Armstrong, baritone, who sang several numbers with plenty of spirit, and in fine vibrant voice.

Mr. I. N. Ford, the famous correspondent in London of the New York Tribune, writes the following about Sir Edward Elgar and his work: "Sir Edward Elgar has reached the distinction of having symphony and philharmonic concerts with programmes made up exclusively of his music, and also of being welcomed at Birmingham as the leader of a new and progressive school of English music. His appointment as professor of music at the university has been considered the first step toward the creation of a provincial Leipzig, where English students can receive as good a training as in Paris or Berlin. His opening lecture has stimulated local pride, for he has referred to the associations of the Midlands with the greatest of English names, Shakespeare, and also to the revival of music at provincial festivals in that district and in Yorkshire. Sir Edward Elgar is himself a native of Worcestershire, where he learned to play the violin in boyhood, and where he began work as a church organist and choirmaster, and first became known as a composer of cantatas, choral suites and festival works. The three-choir festivals supplied his earliest opportunities for original work, and it was not long before he was composing King Olaf, Caractacus, and other scores for the Birmingham, Staffordshire, Leics, and Shropshire bands and choirs. The provinces, rather than London, have created what is best and most hopeful in the new school of English music. It is in Birmingham that there now seems the best chance of establishing a center of musical education. Sir Edward Elgar's name is one to conjure with; Sir Oliver Lodge, principal of the university, has a way of getting money whenever he asks for it; and local pride is intense in Birmingham. Three-year courses with degrees are already proposed, a Germany, France and Italy is suggested; the best music is to be regularly heard there at concerts and festivals; and an effort is to be made to impart a distinctive character to the method of teaching.

In the opening lecture Sir Edward Elgar had more to say about the future than the past of English music. He dismissed oldtime enthusiasm over the dry music of the seventeenth century as wasteful and impractical, and added the sarcastic comment that as far as it had

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any bearing on living art it was like blind men in a churchyard at midnight trying to read epitaphs in a forgotten tongue. He followed this sally with the emphatic assertion that the bulk of English music failed alike to command respect abroad and to take a real hold on the affections of cultivated people at home; and the reason was that the composers had been writing coldly and correctly for themselves, and not for great audiences of intelligent and intellectual people. As painters did not work for other painters, nor dramatists write plays for other playwrights, so musicians must give up the idea of pleasing themselves and neglecting their audiences. Because the younger men were producing something original and alive, as contrasted with what was imitative and dead, he felt confident that there was a future for English music, and that it would be "big music"—oratorio, symphony, opera and concerto."

There was a most satisfactory rehearsal of the Toronto Orchestra on Mendelssohn's *Elijah* at the Toronto College of Music on Saturday evening last. Nearly every member was present and almost the entire work was gone over. The orchestra for this performance will be first-class, and will make a creditable appearance. The chorus is making good progress, the rehearsals being well attended. The next general rehearsal will be on Tuesday, April 11, at Victoria Hall, Queen street east, opposite Bond street, at which every member is asked to be present.

Miss Hope Morgan's farewell song recital in Association Hall on Tuesday evening was a select and fashionable society event apart from its musical significance. Miss Morgan, who goes to London once more to resume her concert work there, was in excellent voice, and has not sung in better or more attractive style since the day when she first appeared in Massey Hall after her last trip to England. She was received with a warmth of demonstration when she came forward to sing her first numbers that testified to the estimation in which she is held here, and after she had sung her first group of numbers she was applauded again and again with still more fervor. Miss Morgan offered a very bright and charming selection, one, moreover, which made demands upon her versatility of interpretation and appreciation, and in which she proved herself equal to the test. She rendered Mozart, Schumann, Scarlatti, Verdi, Loewe, German Lonsdale, Brahms, with equal facility and felicity. She was assisted by Mr. Howard Blight, baritone, of New York, who displayed the quality of his voice to advantage in songs by Nevin, Foote, and Walter Damrosch, and later Hans Dresse, the accomplished solo violinist, both of whom were most favorably greeted. Mrs. Blight, as always, made an efficient accompanist.

Mr. W. E. Fairclough, who sustained a severe injury to his hand several weeks ago, has completely recovered the use of it, and will give an organ recital early in May. His pupil, Mr. T. M. Sargent, who was in charge of All Saints' during Mr. Fairclough's illness, has just been appointed organist and choirmaster at St. Bartholomew's Church, River street. Mr. W. A. Staples, another of Mr. Fairclough's pupils, has recently been chosen organist of Bond Street Congregational Church.

An attractive concert was given on Tuesday night in the chapel of Victoria College in aid of the Orthopedic Hospital. The assisting artists were Mrs. Scott Raff, Miss Olive Climes, Miss Laura Shildrick, Miss Mina Flaville, Miss Zoelner, Mr. Arthur Blight, and Mr. Paul Hahn. Every number was effectively rendered, and encores were numerous. The accompanists were Mrs. Bastedo Mills and Miss Hahn. The concert was given under the direction of Mrs. Brady and Mrs. W. A. Kemp, and a substantial sum was realized for the hospital.

A recital by pupils of the piano, vocal and violin departments attracted a large audience to the Conservatory Music Hall on Monday evening last, when the following programme was given: Godard, piano, *Girland's Etude*; Nod and Johnson, vocal, *The Rose, the River and the Sea*; Rheinhold, piano, *Imromptu*; C sharp minor; Gabriel Marie, violin, *Serenade*; Strauss, piano, *Reverie*; Chopin, piano, *Fantasia Impromptu*; Godard, piano, *Fantasia Chromatique*; Svensen, violin, *Romance*; Mendelssohn, piano, *Spring Song*; and Brahms, piano, *Hungarian Dance*, No. 2; Schumann, vocal, *Lied der Braut*; Die Soldaten Braut, and Ich grolle Nicht; Raff, piano, *Tambourin*; Graben-Hofman, vocal, *My Peace is Gone*; Wieniawski, violin, *Mazurka*; Liszt, piano, *Lichsträume*, No. 3, and *Rachmanninoff*, piano, *Prelude*, C sharp minor. The pupils taking part were Miss Margaret C. Haig, Master Victor Wainburg, Miss Mary Gowski, Miss Winnifred Stalker, Mr. Gordon Langlois, Miss Lillie Pearsall, Miss Isabel Turner, Miss Gertrude Carswell, Miss Lillian Willocks, Master Ernest Johnson, and Miss Jeannette Killmaster.

The Parkdale Methodist Church Choir on Good Friday night will sing Dubois' beautiful sacred cantata, *The Seven Last Words of Christ*, under the direction of Mr. A. B. Jury, organist and choirmaster, with orchestral accompaniment, and the following soloists: Mrs. A. B. Jury, soprano; Dr. Malcolm Sparrow, tenor, and Mr. Kenneth Metcalf, baritone. A

short preliminary programme will include Hawley's *Trasson and Sanctus*, Mendelssohn's *Hear My Prayer*, with Mrs. Jury as soloist, and Chadwick's *The Good Samaritan*, by Miss Margaret Wilson, with violin obligato.

The sacred concert given by Mr. Blakeley's boy chorists and instrumentalists, assisted by the choir and soloists of the church, attracted an audience which filled the Sherbourne Street Church on Tuesday evening, March 28. The varied and comprehensive programme included trios, duets specially arranged by Mr. Blakeley, as well as solos by each of the boys, the numbers being rendered with a power and expressiveness unusual in juniors. In the *Inflammatus*, with the full choir, three of the boys took the solo part with surprising brilliancy. Master MacMillan, a mere lad, played a Bach fugue and other selections upon the organ, entirely from memory. The programme also included Bazzini's *Prayer and Finale*, for violin, by Frank Williams; Handel's *Nightingale Chorus*, with obligato for two flutes, a male quartette, and other selections, all of which were rendered in a finished and expressive manner and received much applause.

Miss Mabel Manley who sang in Newmarket for the first time on St. Patrick's night, received a very cordial and spontaneous reception. In speaking of the concert, the Newmarket *Era* says: "Miss Manley of Toronto, by her strong, rich, cultivated voice, distinct articulation and prepossessing appearance, fully sustained the reputation that had preceded her, and she was frequently and deservedly encored."

Mr. W. J. McBretney has been appointed tenor soloist in the choir of Bloor Street Baptist Church.

Dr. Albert Ham will lecture on *Parasol* in Conservatory of Music Hall, Monday evening, April 10, in aid of the furnishing of "Queen's Hall," University College Women's Residence. This lecture, which includes a history of both the musical and literary sides of *Parasol*, and will be illustrated by means of twelve *motifs* on the orchestra. The lecture is under the patronage of the Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Clark.

A specially brilliant piano recital was given on Saturday afternoon last week at the Conservatory of Music by pupils of Mr. A. S. Vogt. A large and fashionable assemblage attended, and received the various numbers with unmitigated marks of enthusiasm. Several notable marks of enthusiasm. Several pupils appeared for the first time, namely, Agnes Powell, who played with expression and much executive ability Liszt's Sonnet, No. 123; Lena Martin, who gave a musically rendering of Liszt's *Cantique d'Amour*; Nell McConnell, whose rendering of Chaminade's *Concert Etude*, "Autumn," was highly appreciated; and Bessie Hilborn, who gave a brilliant and artistic performance of Liszt's *Concert Etude* in D flat. Solos were also contributed by the following pupils, who had appeared on previous occasions: Eugene Quenchen, who contributed the Wagner-Liszt *Lichstod* and Moszkowski's *Caprice*, Op. 37, which she played in a most accomplished manner; Walter Cunningham, whose broad and well-contrasted rendering of Brahms's Rhapsodies, Op. 79, drew forth the striking successes of the afternoon; Mary K. Hagarty, whose graceful style in a *Reverie* by Richard Strauss and a *Romance* by Schuetz were the theme of many admiring comments, and Mabel Will, whose technical address in the difficult St. Saens' *Aleste Caprice* and Final Fugue was recognized by great applause.

The London *Telegraph* thinks that "the typical, up-to-date, young composer begins work at a point which he should never reach. The ideal Opus 1 of such a youth is described as, say, a rhapsody, 'full of impossible modulations, of needless intricacy, of scrappy themes taken up and dropped again, a perfect conglomeration of imperfectly developed and inappropriately difficult superfluities. He has yet to learn of the triumph of simplicity and the virtue of directness. Again, all that such a youth is, and all it implies, the time has come to protest."

The war does not seem to have put an end yet to concerts in St. Petersburg. Siliti is the big man there. At one of his subscription concerts, the other day, Annette Essipoff, whom Liszt and other judges considered the most poetic pianist of the fair sex, played one of the MacDowell concertos. Pugno and Kotow were the soloists on other occasions. Mine Patti's concert in aid of wounded soldiers yielded the unprecedented sum of 25,000 roubles.

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Excerpts from Report of Annual Meeting of Shareholders Held at the Company's Building, Spadina Crescent, Toronto, on Monday, March 27th, 1905.

The President, Mr. S. J. Moore, took the chair, and the General Manager, Mr. Charles Ed. Potter, was appointed Secretary of the meeting.

A large number of shareholders were present.

The Secretary read the notice calling the meeting and also the report of the Directors, which was as follows:

"The Directors have pleasure in presenting the balance sheet and Profit and Loss Statements for the year ending Dec. 31, 1904.

"The result of the year's operations, after providing for all charges, including advertising expense and interest on borrowed money, is a net profit of \$18,651.24. This is in excess of 7 per cent. on paid-up Preferred Stock.

"The growth of the business during 1904 has been steady and of a satisfactory character, while the service which the Company is rendering the citizens of Toronto is being appreciated in increasing measure as it becomes better understood.

"The Shareholders will be asked to approve a by-law for the cancellation of \$35,000 of the Common Stock of the Company, which is available for this purpose, and the balance sheet as now submitted has been prepared on the assumption that this authority would be given by the Shareholders to-day.

"Respectfully submitted,

"S. J. MOORE, President."

The President moved the adoption of the report of the Directors, speaking, in part, as follows:

"It has been my duty to move the adoption of all the reports which have been presented to the annual meetings of Shareholders, but for the first time I am able to-day to say that it is my pleasure to make such a motion. The reports submitted at former meetings of the Company have only been encouraging in so far as they have shown substantial progress made in the efforts to establish the business on a profitable basis; but that which is now presented for your consideration not only shows that these efforts have been successful, but that the time is now close at hand when the Shareholders, who have waited perhaps longer than they expected for returns upon their investment, will be in receipt of such returns.

"The opinion was expressed at the last annual meeting that the business had 'turned the corner.' This opinion is proven to have been correct, for since November of 1903 every month has shown net profits and the statements which have now been read indicate that the net profits for the year 1904 reached the substantial sum of \$18,651.24.

"The significance of this improvement is strengthened by the statement that the months which have already passed in 1905 have shown a large increase in net profit over the corresponding months of 1904.

"One of the causes which have tended to delay the accomplishment of the commercial success of the Company has been the high standard set by its far-seeing and public-spirited promoters, chief among whom was its first President, the late Mr. Walter Massey. From time to time, and apparently with some show of reason, it has been advocated by some that this standard should be lowered in order that the commercial prosperity of the enterprise might be the more quickly realized. The temptation, however, to lower the standard has been loyally resisted, and I am sure that the Shareholders to-day will endorse the judgment, not to say courage, with which these high standards have been maintained, for not only has success been achieved, but it has been accomplished in a way that insures its permanence. It will, I believe, be a matter of considerable satisfaction to the Shareholders who have stood by the Company in the years of its early difficulties, to know that they have contributed to the establishment of an enterprise which is benefiting more largely than is generally supposed the health of the city in which we live.

"In working out the plans formed at the inception of the Company, not only was it necessary to overcome a large measure of ignorance, an immense amount of prejudice and innumerable unforeseen difficulties, but it was also necessary to acquire experience by actual dealing with conditions that were entirely novel. In no other city, as far as I know, had there been established, or even attempted, an enterprise of so high class a character for the purpose of supplying to the citizens generally the milk and cream used alike in the homes of the rich and poor. Dairies of a high class had been in operation under such hygienic conditions as made it possible to supply, at a high price, milk and cream of a comparatively rare quality, but by reason of the expensiveness of these methods, the price charged for the products made it a luxury which only the wealthy were able to enjoy. Through the establishment of the City Dairy Company, however, it is now within the power of substantially every home in the City of Toronto to obtain so important an article of diet as milk under conditions that reduce to a minimum the disease germs which so often prove fatal.

"The Shareholders will naturally be interested in the question of the date at which the Company will begin the payment of dividends. This matter has received the very careful consideration of the Directors. If negotiations which are at present in progress are successful, the increase of the Preferred Capital by \$25,000 (which has already been arranged for at par) will put the Company in such financial condition that it will be proper to begin the regular payment of dividends on the Preferred Stock at the full rate of 7 per cent."

The motion to adopt the report was seconded by the Vice-President, Mr. A. E. Ames.

The President called upon the General Manager to address the meeting, and Mr. Potter spoke in part as follows:

"I am present for the second time at the annual meeting—the first time to tell you what we hoped to do, which was naturally received with some measure of incredulity, to-day to tell you what we have done, which we hope you will receive with smiles of satisfaction.

"I am not going to dwell on the conditions of the Company when the management was turned over to me, other than to consider its effect on public opinion. The venture had not proved a success financially, although the public had been benefited more than they will ever realize through the elevation of the dairy standard throughout the entire city, as well as in the improvement of conditions at the dairy farms within a radius of 50 miles, where the city's supply was produced, and while a majority of the farmers are conscientiously striving to produce a first-class milk in every way the proverbial 'black sheep' is not missing. Inside of a month we have been obliged to cancel the contracts of several farmers who were sending an article that would not receive the approval of the Medical Health Officer, and through no fault of the cow. If farmers, knowing that we are constantly testing their milk, will take such chances with us, I am afraid the other city dealers, who have not our facilities, are coming off only second best.

"It was necessary to get the confidence of the housewife. Ninety-nine persons in every hundred think they know a great deal about milk. Why, they say to our drivers, 'Don't try to tell me anything about milk; wasn't I born on a farm? I know just exactly how you do at the dairy, you fill the bottles with skim milk and then pour a little cream on top,' and she closes the argument by slamming the door in his face. Such was the condition of public opinion several months ago. But to-day, by dint of much letter writing, judicious advertising, and the co-operation of the best corps of drivers in the city, backed up by a first-class uniform product, conditions have been completely reversed, as the following sample incident shows: On a recent Saturday a customer told her driver that she would not conform to the Dairy's recent 'cash rule' and that he need not serve her any more. The following Tuesday morning, as he was driving past the house, he heard a call 'Milkman! Milkman!' He went back, and the same lady very testily said, 'Give me some milk; the whole family is on strike for City Dairy milk!'

"We are gaining ground steadily. Nine out of every ten customers who leave us for whatever cause are back again inside of a month. The high standards set by the organizer of the business, the late W. E. H. Massey, have been more than maintained; we have kept abreast of the times in the matter of improved dairy machinery; our building and equipment is without doubt the finest on the North American continent, and is open to the public for inspection at all times.

Our business is carried on with the strictest integrity, both as regards producers and consumers. We practice no deception—not even the so-called harmless ones of adding a little coloring to the milk and 'thickener' to the cream. In fact, we use nothing and do nothing but what we would be glad to have every citizen of Toronto know, because knowing would convince them that we are conducting the business on lines of strictest integrity, with the health and well-being of our customers always and foremost in our mind.

"The outlook for the future was never brighter. We are doing to-day more business than ever before, and the expenses are not increasing in proportion to the increased business.

"You will get some idea of the enormous detail, and the efficiency with which the work is done, when I state that during 1904 the number of bottles that we washed, inspected, filled with milk, cream or buttermilk, capped, delivered and collected, amounted to nearly 3,500,000, with less than one complaint in 70,000 regarding either bottle or product. Besides we sold nearly 240,000 pounds of butter, about 320,000 gallons of milk and cream to hotels, restaurants, etc., and enough ice cream to serve 1,200,000 people each with a good-sized dish.

"Just about a year ago I submitted to you a forecast for 1904 based upon the preceding four months' business in which hope was held out that we might show a net profit of about \$14,000.00, after paying interest on borrowed money. To-day I am happy to say that the business for 1904 actually shows \$4,600 better, or, after paying interest, advertising, and all other charges, a net profit of \$18,651.24, and if the months of January and February are any criterion, the showing for 1905 should be several thousand better than 1904.

"In closing I wish to say that this showing is due largely to the efficient, hearty and loyal co-operation of the employees in every department of the business, without exception."

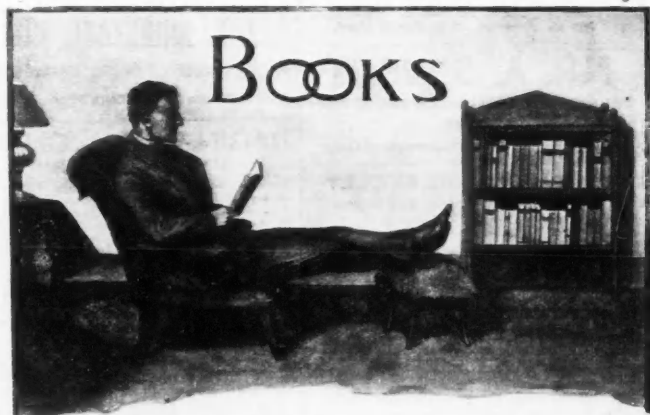
Mr. Chester D. Massey and Mr. George Weston, two of the Directors of the Company, spoke briefly and expressed the indebtedness of the Company to the President and General Manager for the present prosperous condition.

After a general discussion, during which the Directors were congratulated upon the improvement shown, the report was unanimously adopted.

Scrutineers having been appointed, the following Directors were elected, viz., S. J. Moore, A. E. Ames, C. D. Massey, George Weston, J. L. Spink, J. F. McLaughlin, James Caruthers, C. E. Potter, T. E. Robertson.

At a subsequent meeting of the Board the following officers were re-elected: President, S. J. Moore; Vice-President, A. E. Ames.

### CITY DAIRY COMPANY, LIMITED, SPADINA CRESCENT, TORONTO.



**BOOKS**

SIR CONAN DOYLE is unquestionably the best living literary mechanic in English fiction. He is more than a mechanic, for he is also a literary surgeon of marvelous skill, as he has reconstructed *Sherlock Holmes* after a fall from an Alpine mountain into fairly good water-shape again. The redoubtable amateur detective is not injured, and is, if possible, rejuvenated under the skilful treatment of Mr. Doyle. Through the thirteen stories in the delightful volume (*The Return of Sherlock Holmes*, Morang & Co., Limited), the revived hero does not even limp for a moment. There is no halt in the sustained interest that the stories begot. There is no loss of acumen or the power of deduction possessed by the greatest detective of modern fiction.

The reappearance of *Sherlock Holmes* is expiated in harmony with the spirit of his own deductions, on rational grounds, and there is no appeal made to the marvelous or to credulity. The distinguished creator of the imaginary detective has always depended on the realities for his force as a story writer. He has never depended upon any extraneous quality, such as charm of manner, to make *Sherlock Holmes* a most attractive character. In fact, the cock-sureness of Mr. Holmes' manner has a rather irritating effect. The masterfulness of the man and his patronage of Watson become at times the slightest bit wearisome. The off-hand manner in which he treats the world as his oyster, to be opened between the whiffs of his pipe, is irritatingly complacent. But withal he is ever interesting, and never more so than in the present volume.

The stories in the present volume are a little more lurid than his past experiences. There is more bloodshed. In wetting our appetites for stories of criminal discovery, Sir Conan Doyle has understood that we demand that the morsels shall be greater and stronger. There is more of murder and sudden death than is usual in a collection of

the stories of *Sherlock Holmes*, but the same qualities of deduction and interesting facts set forth in thrilling narrative are employed for the solution of the various criminal acts and are used in the manner that Sir Conan Doyle has made peculiarly his own.

*The Adventure of the Six Napoleons* is probably one of the most bewildering of the stories, and the unraveling of the motive of the man who would seek all over England for six busts for the seeming purpose of mere destruction is of intense and sustained interest.

The last and strongest of the stories, *The Adventure of the Second Stain*, where a Prime Minister, the apparent catenness of an important State official, a possible European war as a denouement, and the past indiscretion of a lady of title, make up a most intense situation, is probably the best story in the book. The mystery is well sustained, the ability of Holmes gives every opportunity, and the conclusion intensely human and to be desired.

(Published in Toronto by Morang & Co., Limited.)

A LOVE story by Sidney R. Kennedy, is of an exceedingly pleasant nature. The love passages are free from any nauseous sentimentality, being treated with a light hand and considerable humor. However, there is enough graceful force to keep the imagination well stimulated. *Eleanor Hyde*, the heroine, is a charming little New England girl, who has been educated at a good school, and lives with her family on a small farm. Mr. John S. Brinton, a rich man, comes to a neighboring estate to spend the summer, and Eleanor discovers that she was at school with his daughter, *Hamilton King*, the novelist, is in love with Eleanor, and it is practically a toss-up between him and Brinton as to who shall win her. There are other puppets introduced, and Mr. Kennedy works them well and they keep their proper

distance. It would have been better, possibly, to have made more of the hero, who is somewhat dwarfed in the virility and strength of John S. Brinton. Still it is a bright, clean, clever little story, and Mr. Kennedy is to be congratulated.

(Published in Toronto by Morang & Co., Limited.)

THOMAS DIXON, the author of *The Leopard's Spots*, the first of a series of novels dealing with the race conflict in the United States, has now produced a second, *The Clansmen: An Historical Romance of the Ku Klux Klan*. It is a novel with a purpose, and Mr. Dixon has executed admirably in depicting the terrible tragedy of one of the blackest pages in the history of the United States. When the Confederacy, having battled for years against the wealth and might of the North, was reduced to absolute beggary, and the Southern States had become part of the Union, negro enfranchisement was suddenly thrust

upon them with disastrous results. The white families of the South, who for generations had been of the ruling class, were now compelled, by weight of numbers, to submit to the brutality of a race of ignorant negroes hardly better than the savages of the African jungles. At this period, when crime of every kind was rampant and countless white families had been reduced to beggary, there arose a mysterious band, the Ku Klux Klan, through whose efforts peace and right were once more established. To take a few lines from Mr. Dixon's introduction, he says:

"In the darkest hour of the life of the South, when her wounded people lay helpless amid rags and ashes, under the beak and talon of the Vulture, suddenly from the mists of the mountains appeared a white cloud the size of a man's hand. It grew until its mantle of mystery unfolded the stricken earth and sky. 'An Invisible Empire' had risen from the field of Death and challenged the Visible to mortal combat."

Mr. Dixon has taken some of the

chief characters of the time and woven round them and their families a tender love story, but it is in the depicting of the agonies of a brave people during a black reign of terror that he shows his strength.

(Published by Copp, Clark & Co., Toronto.)

LOUIS PENDELTON, the author of *The Sons of Ham*, etc., has written a new novel, *A Forest Drama*, which is described as a Canadian forest story. Mr. Pendleton is not altogether happy as a raconteur of Canadian life. His characters have not the strength and vitality needed to make a bush story interesting, and his descriptions of scenery lack the breadth and understanding necessary to make his pen pictures real. Neither is the plot convincing. At the best it can only be described as a series of improbable possibilities. The story commences with the landing of a young woman from a little steamer on the shore of a remote Canadian lake. It is round this figure, who evidently possesses considerable beauty and some mental charms, that the plot is woven. She is kidnapped by a retired English burglar and carried to his retreat many miles away. The hero follows in a canoe and finally things happen just as you would expect and everyone is either in tears or laughter. And yet, with all its faults, there is something of charm in the book, and possibly if the writer had had a little more knowledge and a little less energy he would have succeeded better. (Published in Toronto by the Poole Publishing Co., Limited.)

#### Very Comfort En Route.

Is provided on express trains to New York via Grand Trunk and Lehigh Valley. The 6:00 p.m. train has through Pullman sleeper and dining-car, serving supper and breakfast. Secure tickets and make reservations at city office, north-west corner King and Yonge streets.

The audience at the Paderewski concert on Wednesday, April 26, will be the most fashionable seen in Toronto since the Prince of Wales' visit. A special loge will be constructed for their Excellencies the Governor-General and Countess of Grey, and his Honor the Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Mortimer Clark.

The notion that tea is injurious to people of weak nerves is altogether a false idea, as has been proven by the eminent scientist, Mr. Jonathan Hutchinson. Tea is in reality a nerve nutrient and is extremely beneficial to those of weak nerves; especially is this so when you use tea direct from the gardens, packed in sealed lead packets such as "Salada" tea, which received the highest award and gold medal at St. Louis Exposition.

#### Scarcity of American Dramas.

Blanche Bates tells a *New York Globe* writer that since July she and her mother have read through exactly forty-three plays. There were plenty of others submitted, the utter hopelessness of which were revealed in the first few pages. The forty-three plays read were divided as follows: Twelve translations from the French, six translations from the German, two translations from the Danish, five translations from the Spanish, four translations from the Italian, one dramatization of Scott's *The Lady of the Lake*, three dramatizations of old novels, seven dramatizations of new novels, one original American comedy, and one original American drama.

Of the twelve translations from the French, seven were avowedly so, the other five were carefully laundered and done over, but easily recognizable. The six translations from the German were all bad. One of the Danish translations was cleverly written but too talky and utterly lacking in situations. Of the five Spanish translations, one evidenced strong dramatic talent in parts, but was technically impossible of production. The four Italian pieces were done by girls—and evidently by very young girls.

Miss Bates states very plainly what she wants in the way of a play: "I want a play in which the leading character is a typical Western American woman—an out-of-door woman, with red blood in her veins, a strong pulse in her wrist, and a heart the size of the country whence she hails. Then I want this woman placed in situations where her moral and physical strength will be tried to the utmost, and triumph. I want a Western part, because I believe that the genuine American spirit is strongest in the Far West."

#### Drawing the Line Somewhere.

We gladly own that we have been very much benefited by British rule in India. We have learned many valuable lessons which will never be forgotten, and we are prepared to learn many things more. But we certainly disdain to stand a homily on trash from the mouth of a clever diplomat like Lord Curzon—*Indian Review*, Madras.

The auction sale of boxes for the Horse Show is always a pleasant event of interest to many, and will this year take place at the King Edward Hotel on Wednesday week, April 19. Ladies are invited and afternoon tea will be provided.

Mrs. Ashe—My husband didn't like the dress I put on the other night. Mrs. Ashe—What did you do—change it? Mrs. Ashe—No—changed my husband.



JEAN IGNACE PADEREWSKI, who appears at Massey Hall, April 26.





## Putting Character into Interior Decoration

Hundreds of painters can produce pictures that are pretty good, but people don't seem eager to buy them. They are common-places.

What makes the work of great painters worth large sums of money is the character they put into their pictures. It is the hard-to-define something that makes their pictures distinguished, different from others, and pleasing to every eye. That is what makes them masterpieces.

The same principles are true in the art of interior decoration. Hundreds of people of good taste can put a new "make-up" on a room. They can change it or even improve it, but the work would not pass with a good critic. Such amateur decorations lack character.

Where there is appreciation of art among the members of a family, there is an appreciation of effect or character in decoration. Where there is a desire for such effect, there is the need of the craftsman.

Artistic people who are even in moderate circumstances can afford the small expense of having at least one room each season done by the craftsmen of the United Arts and Crafts. The result would be something really artistic. It would be the admiration of friends and a constant gratification and comfort to the owner.

The taste for artistic interiors is improving in Toronto, and it is making the work of the professional man more in demand.

Are you thinking of making some of the rooms in your house more worth living in? Can we help you? You are welcome to any ideas you can pick up by a visit to our studio.

We do not want to ask you for any orders, but we do want to have you come and see, so you will know what beautiful things we have in leather, wood-work, curtains, wall coverings, draperies, carpetings, etc.

We have sketches and colored designs of complete rooms you might like to see.

You are welcome at our studio any time.

**The United Arts & Crafts, Limited,**

Studio: 34, 35 Lawlor Building,  
6 King Street West.



DESIGNS AND  
PRICES SUB-  
MITTED ON

Decorative Grilles and  
Interior Hardwood Fittings.

**Hurndall Novelty Furniture Co., Limited** Hayter and Teraulay St.  
Toronto. Phone M. 523

**TAYLOR'S  
HEADACHE  
COLOGNE**  
ALL DRUGGISTS  
SELL IT

**Princess  
Theater**

3 Nights only MONDAY Apr 10

Mr. NAT C.  
**GOODWIN,**

Presenting three of his brightest suc-  
cesses

MONDAY EVENING TUESDAY EVENING

The Clever Comedy  
Classic  
The Usurper  
Wednesday  
Evening  
A Gilded Fool  
By HENRY GUY  
CARLETON

THREE NIGHTS  
Thursday Friday  
and Saturday  
April 13, 14, 15  
Regular  
Matinee  
Saturday.

**Henry W. Savage**

Will offer the Korean Comic Opera

**THE SHO-GUN**

By George Ade and Gustav Luders.

The Wittiest, Prettiest and most tuneful  
opera of years.

**Brilliant Cast—Chorus of  
rare beauty.**

Seat sale opens Monday, April 10th.



We take pleasure in inviting you  
to our display of tailored hats for  
Easter wear.  
Pattern hats from Paris and New  
York.  
Exclusive designs from our own  
workroom.  
\$5 to \$25.

**Holt, Renfrew & Co.**  
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**SHEA'S THEATER**

Matinee  
Daily, 45c  
WEEK APR. 10  
Evenings  
95c & 50c

The best Comedy Act in Vaudeville

**W. H. Murphy,  
Blanche Nichols & Co.**

The Laughable Skit "From Z to Uncle Tom"

**PAUL BARNES**  
Stories and Parodies

**DUFFIN-REDCAY TROUPE**  
Phonograph Gymnasts

**O'BRIEN & BUCKLEY**  
Music and Comedy

**The Italian Trio**  
Greatest Singing Act on the Pacific.

**MARCUS & GARTELLE**  
Skatorial Killers

**BEAN & HAMILTON**  
Wonderful Acrobats

**THE KINETOGRAPH,**  
All New Pictures.

Special Extra Attraction.

**O. HANA SAN**  
Latest Creation in Vaudeville



MISS CHRISTIE MACDONALD,  
Prima Donna in *The Sho Gun*, at the Princess, Thursday,  
Friday and Saturday of next week.

## Society at the Capital

OTTAWA is certainly not suffering from the dullness which, as a general rule, is supposed to characterize the penitential season, and there is still no "let-up" to the unwearying round of social gatherings of all sorts. Card parties still continue to take a prominent part, and, as things go now, not to play bridge is to be quite out of the running at the Capital. However, a resumé of last week's entertainments shows that teas have again taken the lead in point of numbers.

On Monday evening Madame Brodeur entertained a small party, principally members of Parliament and their wives, at an enjoyable game of cards, when the guests included Lady Laurier, Hon. Mr. and Mrs. Dandurand, Hon. Charles and Mrs. Hyman, Mr. Armand Lavergne, M.P., and Mrs. Lavergne, Colonel and Mrs. Vidal, Mr. and Mrs. Drouin, Dr. and Mrs. Chevrier, Mr. and Mrs. H. McD. Walters, Madame Bedard, Mr. Grant, M.P., Mr. Johnston, M.P., Mr. Hance Logan, M.P., Mr. McDonald, M.P., Mr. Congdon of Dawson City, Mr. Cote, Mr. Caron, and Mr. Noel.

One of, or perhaps the most delightful bridge party that has come off here for some time was that given by Mrs. C. A. E. Harriss of Earlscliffe on Friday evening in honor of her nieces, the Misses Ryerson of Toronto. The guests, numbering about fifty, included all the younger members of Ottawa's smart set.

Lady Borden's guest of honor at a five-o'clocker on Wednesday was Mrs. Weatherbe of Halifax. Lady Borden wore on the occasion a handsome dress of brown panne velvet with trimmings of heavy cream lace, and Miss Maude Borden looked pretty as a picture in a costume of soft creamy material. Miss Edith Tobin, Miss Nahni Power and Miss Eleanor Kingsford were very diligent in looking after the wants of the guests, who included the following: Lady Laurier, Mrs. Clifford Sifton, Miss Carmichael of New Glasgow, Mrs. Victor Sinclair, Mrs. Burrows, Mrs. Martin Griffin, Mrs. Uniacke, Lady Tait of Montreal, Mrs. O'Halloran, Mrs. Brown and Mrs. Robert Bell. Mrs. Grey, who has contributed to the pleasure of many like gatherings this season, sang several selections most sweetly during the afternoon. A large tea, devoted almost entirely to the many seasonal visitors still in town, and principally in honor of Miss Carmichael of New Glasgow, was given by the Misses Fielding on Friday. Pink tulips were used in decorating the tea-table in the dining-room, which was generously laden with dainty edibles and presided over by Miss Fay Christie and Miss Kingsford, who were assisted by a group of pretty girls in pretty gowns. Some of the many strangers present were: Mrs. J. K. Kerr of Toronto, Mme. Lemieux of Montreal, Mrs. Baird, Miss David of Montreal, Miss Law of Yarmouth, Mrs. Ralph Smith of Nanaimo, B.C., Mrs. Riley of Victoria, Mrs. Oliver, N.W.T., Miss Price of Parrsboro', Mrs. Coffey of London, Ont., Mrs. Caldwell of Lanark, Mrs. Peter White and Miss White of Pembroke, Mrs. R. H. Smith of Kingston, Miss Hall of Peterboro', Mrs. MacLean, P.E.I.

The first of the several prospective spring weddings which will take place in the Capital this year will be that of Miss Cecil Gorrell to Mr. Myles Penner Cotton, son of Lieutenant-Colonel Cotton, and invitations have been received by many for this interesting ceremony for April 26 at Grace Church. A reception will be held at the residence of the bride's mother, Mrs. C. F. Gorrell, 300 Somerset street.

Miss Aiken of Toronto is the guest of Mrs. W. J. Anderson at present, and on Saturday was the cause d'être of a most entertaining and jolly little "sugar-party" given by her hostess, to Britannia, and those accompanying the party included Miss Helen Scarth, Miss Kingsford, Mr. John Thompson, Mr. Appleton and Mr. Helmsley.

Miss Irene Bate, who is at present in Galt visiting Mrs. Jarvis, expects to spend a short time in Toronto with Mrs. Francis Cole before returning to Ottawa.

Every once in so often a married man goes off somewhere and thinks he fools people by acting as if he were a bachelor.

A man hardly ever knows enough to pretend to think his wife knows more than she does.



Kindly loaned by S. Price & Sons.

"ERINDALE," ON THE BANKS OF THE CREDIT RIVER.

Does Compressed Air Get the Dirt Out?

—It Does.

## The Dustless Method is so Much Faster and Quicker—Why Not Use it?

There are two sides to every question. Where prejudice is allowed to make the decision, the other side never gets a show.

It would be just as stupid for anyone to judge from prejudice that Compressed Air could not clean carpets on the floor, as it would be for a judge to declare his decision before hearing the case.

No one who knows has any hesitation in saying plainly that Compressed Air can clean carpets on the floor and does it better and in one-twentieth part of the time required by the ordinary way.

Anyone who is prejudiced, we invite to look into the Dustless Method. Those who have housecleaning to do, certainly will find it to their advantage to look into it.

The Compressed Air, or Dustless Method, consists of directing stream of air at a pressure of 95 lbs. to the square inch, upon the carpet. It is carried from the compressing machine through a pipe to the "blower." This blower weighs about 50 lbs., so that it sits snug and tight upon the floor. It is much like a large flat-iron, and is pushed smoothly and easily over the carpet as the work progresses.

There is a narrow slit in the bottom of this big flat-iron, through which the air is fed. The 95 lbs. pressure gives the air a penetrating force. It gets right down to the floor and dislodges every particle of dust on the carpet, in the carpet and under the carpet. The only escape for the air is into a large canvas bag fastened tightly over the blower. The air having rushed through and under the carpet and up again, brings up all the dust with it and deposits it inside the bag. No dust escapes. That's why it is called the Dustless Method.

95 lbs. air pressure is not enough to do any harm to any ordinary fabric, but it is enough to take every speck of dust out.

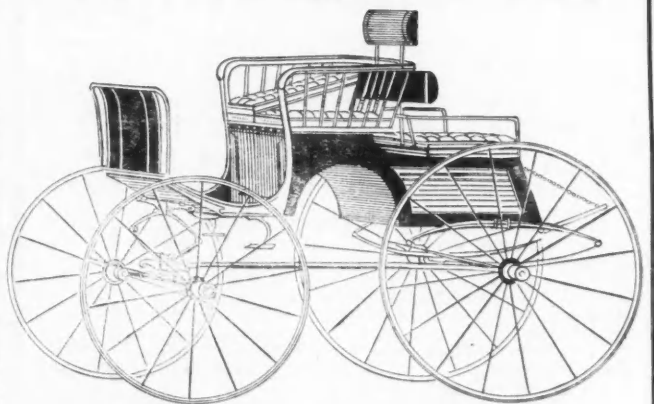
Air does not wear. It does not rip and tear. It is perfectly safe, even in cleaning delicate draperies and laces, and has the advantage of being free from chemicals.

How about your house? Wouldn't you like it all cleaned in half a day? At a smaller cost than by the dreadful old-fashioned way? Think of the comfort and convenience of this laborless method. We will tell you any particulars, or make an appointment if you telephone us. Main 1413.

**The Ontario Compressed Air  
Dustless Housecleaning Co., Limited,**

59-61 Victoria Street. Telephone Main 1413.

## The Repository



**BURNS & SHEPPARD,**

Corner Simcoe and Nelson Sts.  
TORONTO.

**Carriage & Harness  
Manufacturers**

Special traps built to order.  
The above cut shows one of the fashionable styles we manufacture.  
A choice selection for HORSE SHOW purposes.  
Take a look through our show-rooms—it will interest you.

Subscription List now open at  
Massey Hall.  
THE GREAT MUSICAL EVENT OF THE YEAR.

THE MASTER PIANIST.

**PADER-  
EWSKI**

Massey Hall Wed. Apr 26  
Evg. 8:00

Under the Gracious Patronage and in the immediate presence of their Excellencies the Governor-General and Countess of Grey, and His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Mortimer Clark. Subscribers will have choice of seats in order of subscription. Prices, \$2.50, \$2.00, \$1.50, \$1.00. First rows in balcony, \$3.00. Mail orders addressed to Stewart Houston, Massey Hall, will receive prompt attention. Return tickets at single fare on all railways.

PARSIFAL.

Lectured by Dr. Albert Ham at the Conservatory of Music Hall, Monday, April 10, at 8 o'clock, in aid of the Women's Residence of the University College, under the patronage of His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Clark. An orchestral will be used to illustrate twelve motifs. Plan at Tyrrell's Book Store, 7 King Street east. Admission 25 cents, reserved seats 50 cents.

**C. J. TOWNSEND & CO**

**TURKISH  
RUGS!**

**Annual Spring Sale**

BY AUCTION

of Genuine Persian and Turkish Rugs, comprising Shiraz, Royal Boukhara, Kazak, Shervan, Afghan, Lahore, Kashmere Rugs, etc., etc.

At 66-68 King Street East,

—ON—

**Thursday & Friday**

April 13th and 14th.

at 2:30 p.m. each day.

The above collection being a special consignment from a well known Rug firm of Montreal, comprises the best productions of the East. Rugs on view on Wednesday at our rooms.

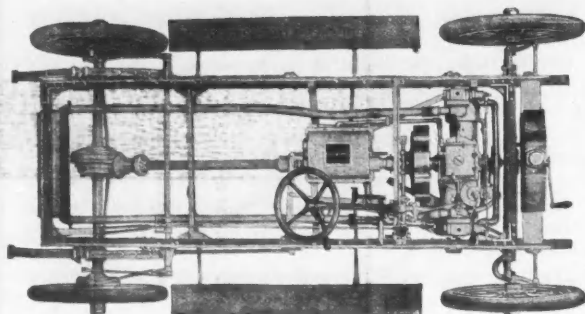
Catalogues on application.

C. J. TOWNSEND & Co.,  
Auctioneers.



## The "Russell"

The "Made-in-Canada" Car



Chassis of "The Russell"

**T**HIS new machine is designed with a view to meeting the requirements of the greatest number of probable Canadian purchasers of Automobiles. It embodies all the up-to-date features of automobile construction, besides the side entrance to tonneau and an exceptionally long wheel base. Built to stand Canadian roads and Canadian climate.

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We have over 5,000 pieces of high-grade Persian and Turkish Rugs in stock, and we can take orders, to be made in Turkey, for any size Rugs to fit your room.

It always pays to buy the genuine, and not the imitation. Our Mr. Babayan, who is a well-known expert in Eastern Rugs, will be pleased to give further information to those visiting our Art Rooms.

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## SOCIETY

Lady Minto and Lady Ellen Elliot are at "Minto," Hawick, Scotland, where the Countess is looking after renovations and improvements in the family residence. The Ladies Ruby and Violet Elliot are spending the spring in Florence.

Chudleigh has been the home of Mrs. Patrick Campbell and her daughter, Miss Stella Campbell, during the short engagement of Mrs. Campbell at the Princess Theater this week. Mrs. Fiske is up from Montreal to matronize the ménage of the Master, and various hospitalities are en train.

One of Toronto's most beautiful young matrons, Mrs. George Evans (née Skill of Cobourg), is out of all the gay doings this month, owing to the death of her father, Colonel Skill, which occurred at the family residence last month. Mrs. Evans has the sympathy of hosts of friends in her bereavement and will be greatly missed from her place in society during the viceregal visit.

One of the most enjoyable programmes of the season was given last week at the Strollers' under the direction of Mrs. J. Enoch Thompson. A lovely sweet voice was Miss Benson's, and the fair-haired little singer was greatly applauded. Mr. Carnahan's Elm Street Church Choir Quartette sang with the ease and precision of long practice, and Dr. Richardson and Mr. Carnahan also contributed soli, which were received with great pleasure. There was not the usual crowd, but the room was just full enough to ensure comfort, and looked its prettiest.

Mrs. Mortimer Clark received on Thursday afternoon at Government House, as usual, from half-past four to half-past six o'clock.

Mr. George Edward Sears is very grateful to his friends for their sympathy in his recent bereavement.

Mr. R. F. Gagen, A.R.C.A., has removed from Yonge street and will have his studio in the Medical Council Building, corner of Bay and Temperance streets.

The members of the Round Table Club gave a reception to Dr. Hiram Corson on Monday afternoon, April 3, from five to seven o'clock, in the Round Table Hall, Toronto Conservatory of Music.

Dr. G. R. McDonagh, 140 Carlton street, who has been abroad for the past two months, arrived on Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. William Parsons have issued invitations to the marriage of their daughter, Miss Alma Augusta Pearl Parsons, and Mr. René Raoul Barber. The ceremony takes place on Wednesday, April 10, at three o'clock, in Trinity Methodist Church, Bloor street west and will be followed by a reception at 12 Lowther avenue.

The prevalent idea of an electric chandelier is something made up of brass or bronze, and fitted with glass shades. The endeavor to produce something new, however, has led the best designers of the present day to make use of wood in some of their beautiful creations—mica is also used in place of glass, with very good effect.

Visitors are always cordially welcomed by the management.

The Local Electric Light Company in their show-rooms show a dining-room dome fixture provided with oak shelf, which may be used as a place for steins or other ornaments.

### Hampton's Haunted Hall.

There are many nooks and rooms and corners in the ancient palace of Hampton Court into which the public never penetrates; among them the long low gallery known as "the Haunted Gallery." This, it is said, is now to be thrown open, and is to form part of that section of the palace which is shown to visitors. No ancient mansion in the United Kingdom better deserves the dread name of Haunted House than the royal palace of Hampton Court, which, since the great cardinal built it, in the early part of the sixteenth century, has, perhaps, seen more splendor and more suffering than any other house in the land.

Like all ancient dwellings which have been the continuous abode of men and women for centuries, the "sense of mystery," the charm of romance, cluster about its antique walls, and, of course, it is haunted—and by no fewer than three ghosts. Jane Seymour, the third wife of Henry VIII, died in the palace soon after her infant son, afterward Edward VI, had been christened in the chapel, to which he was borne with great solemnity through the Council Chamber, along the Haunted Gallery (not then a haunted spot,) through the great hall into the Clock Court, and so along the cloister to the chapel door. Her soul found no rest. Her specter, clothed in white, has been seen, so they say, to come out of the door of the Queen's apartments—the rooms of her predecessor Catherine of Aragon and of Anne Boleyn, her mistress, whom she supplanted—and to wander about with a lighted taper in its hand.

Another Hampton Court ghost is that of Mrs. Penn, the nurse of Edward VI. She died of smallpox in 1562, and was buried in Hampton Church. When, in 1820, the church was pulled down, her tomb was discovered and shifted. Immediately afterward (so goes the story) strange noises as of a woman working at a spinning-wheel were heard through the wall of one of the rooms in the south-west wing of the palace. Search being made by the Board of Works, an ancient and unknown chamber was discovered, in which an antique spinning-wheel and some other things were found. Since then the specter of Mrs. Penn is said to have appeared to a sentry, and the whirring of a spinning-wheel has again been heard.

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been heard. No ghost is better authenticated than that of Mrs. Penn, unless it be the third of the spectral ladies, Queen Katherine Howard, after whom the Haunted Gallery takes its name.

Mr. Law tells the story of the Haunted Gallery. Craumer having disclosed to Henry VIII the early misconduct of his Queen, she was confined to her rooms, and the King rode away to Oatlands, never to set eyes on her again. "But," says Mr. Law, "before his departure a scene is said to have occurred. The old mysterious Haunted Gallery, the door of which is on the right hand as you go down the Queen's staircase, has its name from the shrieking ghost of Queen Katherine Howard. It was here that she escaped from her own chamber when confined in it before being sent to the tower, and ran along to seek an interview with Henry VIII, who was hearing mass in the chapel. Just as she reached the door the guards seized her and carried her back, while her ruthless husband, in spite of her piercing screams, which were heard all over the palace, continued his devotions unmoved. And in this gallery, it is said, a female form, dressed in white, has been seen coming toward the door of the royal pew, and just as she reaches it has been observed to hurry back with a ghastly look of despair, uttering unearthly shrieks, till she passes through the door at the end of the gallery."

Mrs. Cavendish Boyle, who lives in an apartment adjacent, and Lady Eastlake have testified to hearing shrieks. "Both Mrs. Boyle and Lady Eastlake," says Mr. Law, "have sent me written statements and given me permission to mention their names." Mrs. Boyle's testimony is that "once in the middle of the night, some years ago, she was suddenly startled out of sleep by a loud shriek, followed immediately by perfect stillness. Though quite unable to account for this on any natural hypothesis, she did not mention it to anyone at the time, not wishing to cause alarm or to lend encouragement to the idea of the palace being haunted. But a year or two after, her friend, Lady Eastlake, who had stayed with her at Hampton Court, divulged the fact that some time before she had heard a piercing shriek in the same place and at the dead of night, but that she had then thought it best to keep it to herself."

—London Graphic.

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### The Cradle, Altar and the Tomb

#### Births

BUCHNER—London, Ont., March 31, Mrs. U. A. Buchner, son and daughter.  
CASHMAN—Toronto, April 2, Mrs. G. Cashman, a daughter.  
FOLEY—Toronto, April 2, Mrs. J. J. Foley, a daughter.  
GRANT—Toronto, March 31, Mrs. C. Grant, a son.  
JOHNSON—Toronto, April 1, Mrs. Edward B. Johnson, a daughter.

SCOTT—Toronto, April 4, Mrs. Arthur E. Scott, a daughter.

#### Marriages

STANUN—BRODIE—Toronto, April 4, Ethel M. Brodie to Victor C. Stanun.

#### Deaths

BOBBY—Toronto, April 3, Charles A. S. Bobby, aged 32 years.  
BOURNE—Toronto, April 2, William Bourne, aged 85 years.  
CRAIG—Port Hope, April 4, T. D. Craig, aged 63 years.  
CULP—Toronto, April 1, Mrs. Mary H. Culp, aged 76 years.  
GAUDIN—Toronto, April 1, Mrs. Irving H. Gaudin, aged 39 years.  
KERSHAW—Cobourg, April 4, Thomas Kershaw, aged 85 years.  
O'FLYNN—Madoc, April 1, Edmund D. O'Flynn, aged 74 years.  
THOMPSON—Toronto, April 2, William Thompson, aged 72 years.  
TELFER—Mimico, April 5, Gilbert Telfer, aged 86 years.  
WILSON—Cannington, April 4, Hugh Wilson, aged 57 years.

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